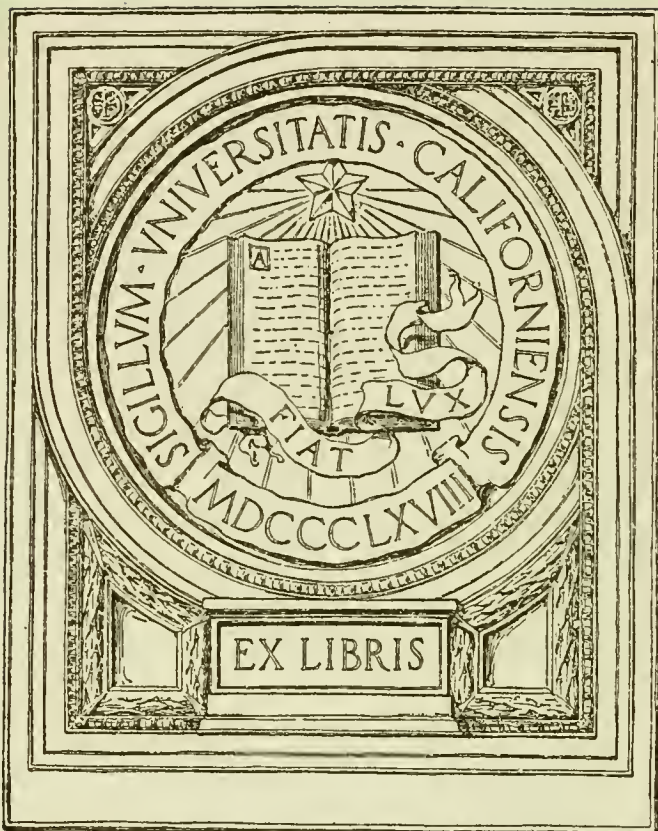




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THE
LITERARY REMAINS
OF
JOHN G. C. BRAINARD,
WITH A
SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Yet doth his spirit, warm and deathless dwell
With those who guard the minstrel's hallowed lore,
And seal the memory like a treasured spell,
"Thril'd deep within our souls.—Lamented bard, farewell!"

Mrs. Sigourney's Lines to the Memory of Brainard.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

HARTFORD:

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INDEX.

	<i>Page</i>
Sketch, ...	6
An Occurrence on board a Brig, ...	37
Jerusalem, ...	43
Matchit Moodus, ...	47
Stanzas, ...	52
The Invalid on the East end of Long Island, ...	53
The Storm of War, ...	56
To the Connecticut River, ...	58
The Money Digger, ...	66
The Smack Race, ...	69
I sing the Foot, ...	70
Fort Griswold, Sept. 6, 1781, ...	73
I know a Brook, ...	76
Saturday Night at Sea, ...	77
On the Death of an old Townsman, ...	79
The Fall of Niagara, ...	81
An April Snow, ...	82
To the Moon, ...	83
On the Death of Commodore Perry, ...	85
Epithalamium, ...	88
The Shad Spirit, ...	89
On the Birthday of Washington, ...	91

	<i>Page</i>
Spring. To Miss. —,	93
On a late Loss,	94
Lines suggested by a Melancholy Accident,	95
On the Death of the Rev. L. Parsons,	97
On the project of colonizing the "Free People of Col- our" in Africa,	98
To the Marquis La Fayette,	99
Maniac's Song,	101
To the memory of Charles Brockden Brown,	103
Lord Exmouth's Victory,	105
Written for a Lady's Common Place Book,	109
The Lost Pleiad,	111
The Captain.—A Fragment,	112
Extracts from Verses written for the New Year, 1823,	114
The Newport Tower,	122
The Robber,	125
The Guerilla,	127
Jack Frost and the Caty-Did,	129
On the Death of Mr. Woodard,	132
To the Dead,	133
The Deep,	135
The Good Samaritan,	136
Salmon River,	139
The Black Fox of Salmon River,	141
Isaiah, thirty-fifth Chapter,	144
The Indian Summer,	146
The Thunder Storm,	147
To a Missionary,	149
Sonnet to the Sea Serpent,	150
"Aes Alienum,"	151
Mr. Merry's lament for "Long Tom,"	152

	<i>Page</i>
One that's on the Sea, ...	154
For a Common Place Book, ...	156
On the loss of a Pious Friend, ...	157
The two Comets, ...	158
The Grave Yard, ...	161
A Rainy Day, ...	162
Yon Cloud, ...	163
The Sea Bird's Song, ...	164
Sonnet. To ———, ...	165
Good Night, ...	166
The Nosegay, ...	167
The Bar <i>versus</i> the Docket, ...	168
The Alligator, ...	171
The Sweet-Brier, ...	172
To a Lady who had lost a Relation, ...	173
To the Daughter of a Friend, ...	174
How to catch a Black Fish, ...	175
The Gnome and the Paddock, ...	177
Song, ...	179
Stanzas, ...	180
"Is it Fancy or is it Fact,"	181
To a Friend in the Navy now sick at home, ...	182
The Drowned Boy, ...	184
The Tree Toad, ...	185
Charity, ... ,	187
Introduction to a Lady's Album, ...	190
To a String tied round a Finger, ...	191
Presidential Cotillion, ...	193
Extracts from verses written for the New Year, 1826, ...	196
July 4, 1826, ...	201
Sonnet. To a Lady, on the Death of Mrs. ———, ...	202

	<i>Page</i>
Stanzas, ...	203
O well I love thee, native land, ...	206
"Come, Come to me,"	208
Answer to a Friend at a distance, ...	209
To mine old Plaid Cloak, ...	211
Hymn for Hartford County Agricultural Society, ...	213
To the Moon. A Fragment, ...	215
The Widower, ...	217
Dirge. On the Death of Adams and Jefferson, ...	218
Stanzas, ...	219
The Young Widow, ...	220
The Dog-Watch, ...	221
On the Death of Alexander, Emperor of Russia, ...	222
To an Antique Female Bust.	224

BRAINARD.

THERE is a feeling of reverence associated with our reminiscences of departed worth and genius. It is too holy and deep for outward manifestation. It hovers closely around the heart, sweeping in secret the fine and hidden chords of our better sympathies. In contemplating the character of the subject of this sketch, I feel in no ordinary degree, the peculiar delicacy of the task I have undertaken. It is like lifting the shroud from the still face of the dead, that the living may admire its yet lingering loveliness. I almost feel as if I were writing in the presence of the disembodied spirit of the departed ;—as if the eye of his modest and unpretending genius were following the pen, which traces his brief history.

JOHN GARDINER CALKINS BRAINARD, was born at New-London, Connecticut, in October, 1796. He was the son of the late Hon. Jeremiah G. Brainard, formerly a Judge of the Superior Court in that State. His preparatory studies were under the direction of

his elder brother, who is at this time a highly respectable member of the Connecticut bar. He entered Yale College at the age of fifteen;—and soon gave evidence of the possession of a superior gift of intellect. His genius was not of that startling nature, which blazes out suddenly from the chaos of an unformed character, dazzling with its unexpected brilliance. It developed itself gradually and quietly. It was perceptible to others even before its possessor seemed conscious of its influence. Never intrusive, and always shrinking from competition, it called forth an admiration which had no alloy of envy. There was a modesty in the manifestations of his genius,—a disinterestedness, at times almost approaching carelessness, which forbade the suspicion of rivalry, and which discovered no inclination to contend for those honors which all felt were within his grasp.

During his residence at Yale College he was a universal favorite. Although, even at that early period, something of the sadness which clouded his after life occasionally gathered around him, he had all the cheerfulness of a happy child in the society of his friends. His smile was ever ready to greet their good humored sallies; and he had, in turn, his own peculiar faculty of awaking mirthful and pleasant emotions. In his gayer moments of social intercourse, the drollery of his manner—the singularity in the mode of his expression, and in the association of his ideas,—something of which is perceptible in his lighter poems,—rendered his society peculiarly fascinating. His wit

seldom took a personal direction. It played lightly over the easy current of his conversation,—brilliant—sparkling—but perfectly harmless.

He was not a hard student. He wanted in a great degree even the common stimulus of Ambition. He had no desire to triumph over his fellows. He was contented with his own retirement of thought. His purposes of life, too, were shadowy, undefined and mutable. He had consequently, no given point upon which to direct the powers of his mind. The rays were scattered carelessly abroad, which should have been concentrated upon one bright and burning focus.

On leaving College, he returned to New-London, and entered the office of his brother William F. Brainard Esq. as a Student at Law. While in this situation, he experienced a disappointment of that peculiar nature, which so often leaves an indelible impression upon the human heart. It probably had some influence upon the tenor of his after life. It threw a cloud between him and the sunshine;—it turned back upon its fountain a frozen current of rebuked affections. This circumstance has been mentioned only as affording in some measure, a solution of what might have been otherwise inexplicable in the depression of his maturer years. Perhaps there are few men of sensitive feelings and high capacities with whom something of the kind does not exist,—something which the heart reverts to with mingled tenderness and sorrow,—one master chord

of feeling the tones of whose vibrations are loudest and longest,—one strong hue in the picture of existence, which blends with, and perchance overpowers all others,—one passionate remembrance, which, at times, like the rod of the Levite swallows up all other emotions. This great passion of the heart, when connected with disappointed feeling, is not easily forgotten. Mirth, wine, the excitement of convivial intercourse,—the gaities of fashion,—the struggles of ambition, may produce a temporary release from its presence. But a word carelessly uttered—a flower—a tone of music—a strain of poetry,—

“Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound,”

may recall it again before the eye of the mind,—and the memory of the past—the glow and ardor of passion—the hope—the fear—the disappointment—will crowd in upon the heart. It is at such moments that the image of old happiness rises up like the Astarte of Manfred, only to mock the sick senses with an ungratifying visitation.

After his admission to the Bar he removed to the City of Middletown, in the year 1819, and commenced the practice of his profession. His situation was by no means congenial to his feelings. He had grown weary of the dull routine of his studies. To use his own language, “he was of a temperament much too sensitive for his own comfort in a calling, which exposed him to personal altercation, contradiction, and that sharp and harsh collision, which tries and

strengthens the passions of the heart, at least as much as it does the faculties of the mind."

Sensitive to a fault,—with scarcely a desire for distinction in the profession which had been assigned him, with no feeling of avarice, and with little of worldly prudence, he yielded to the lassitude and unnering relaxation of mind and body to which every young professional man is exposed, while waiting for the tardy manifestations of public favor. Too much is often expected of a mind like that of Brainard. The world judges from external appearance; and is ever ready to condemn as eccentric and unprofitable, the bias of that genius, which from its very nature is unable to follow in the vulgar path of common and plodding intellect. Locke, whose metaphysical discoveries are equalled only by those of Newton in the material universe, was accounted unfit even for a physician. Akenside lived unrespected in his native town, and his poetical reputation was injurious to his profession. Blackstone and Lord Mansfield bade farewell to the muses when they betook themselves seriously to the law. Darwin prudently concealed his poetry, until his medical reputation was established. Home published Douglass, and lost for so doing the pastoral care of his parish. Sir Richard Blackmore enjoyed an almost unparalleled reputation as a physician: He published his poetry, and there were "none to do him reverence."

Genius has its own peculiar path. It cannot float upon the common current of the world. It has its

own ideal dwelling-place—its unparticipated joys; and its “heart knoweth its own bitterness, neither does the stranger intermeddle therewith.” Standing aloof from the common path,—an alien in feeling and action,—its possessor has been too often regarded in conformity with the counsel of the dying man in Otway’s tragedy:

“Shun

“The man that’s singular. His mind’s unsound—
His spleen o’erweighs his brain.”

The apparent listlessness and inactivity of Brainard were productive of no little disappointment and anxiety on the part of his friends. They saw him turning away from the struggles of business, and the path of ambition, apparently regardless of what Roger Williams has quaintly termed, “the Worlde’s great Trinitie,” Pleasure, Profit and Honor;—and while they acknowledged his high intellectual capacities, they lamented his want of worldly wisdom.

During his residence in Middletown he composed some of his minor poems;—and made several contributions to a literary paper in the City of New-Haven, conducted by the late Cornelius Tuthill, Esq. While here, he made no effort to win the attention of the public. His door was always open to the lounge; and his numerous friends and associates were never unwelcome, except when they visited him in the character of clients.

Weary of his experience of the profession for which he had been educated, he turned at last to the only

path which seemed open to him ; and entered upon the uncertain and precarious destiny of a literary writer. He had found himself unable to mingle in the hot and eager strife of that political arena, which the institutions and spirit of our country have thrown open to numberless competitors ; and for which the profession of the law is peculiarly adapted. To bear off the political palm,—to stamp upon passing events the impress of a master mind,—to trample down the weak and wrestle with the strong, required nerves of “sterner stuff” than those of Brainard. A stranger to malevolence and party bitterness himself, he shrank from a collision with the ruder and turbulent spirits of political ambition. It would be well for our country, if her party contests were always of such a character, that the sensitive and the ingenuous, the pure-hearted and the gifted might minister at her political altars, without soiling the white ephod of their priesthood by a contact with treachery, corruption and violence.

In February, 1822, he entered upon the duties of an Editor in the City of Hartford, having contracted for conducting the Connecticut Mirror, with its publisher, Mr. P. B. Goodsell. Unknown at this time, to fame, and struggling with a gathering despondency, he began his literary career. His anticipations were by no means those of buoyant and elastic feeling. His hope was like that described by Cowley :—

“ Whose weak being ruined is
Alike if it succeed and if it miss,
Whom good or ill doth equally confound,
And both the horns of fate’s dilemma wound.”

He had failed in the profession to which he had devoted the morning of his existence. He was making an experiment, upon the issue of which the character of his future destiny depended. He had seen enough of life,—he had felt enough of the workings of his own spirit, to know that his “thoughts were not the thoughts of other men,”—that a gulf, wider than that which yawned between Dives and the beatified spirits of happiness, separated him from the common sympathies of the busy, grasping, unnatural world. He went to his weekly task as to the performance of an unwelcome duty,—but without physical energy or firmness of purpose. His temperament was totally unfitted for the rough collisions of editorial controversy. There was too much gentleness in his nature,—too much charity for the offending, and too much modesty in his own pretensions, to allow of any rudeness of criticism or severity of censure. His writings in the *Connecticut Mirror* are uniformly gentlemanly and goodnatured. It is impossible to discover in them any thing like malice or wantonness of satire. He was the first to award due praise to his literary brethren. His criticisms were those of a man willing to lend his fine ear to the harmonies of poetry, and his clear healthful eye to the light of intellectual beauty, wherever these were to be seen or heard. In deciding upon the merits of a new publication, he did not pause to inquire who was the author, or coldly weigh in the balance of his selfishness, the probable effect upon himself, of a favorable or un-

favorable expression of opinion. He had nothing of that carping, mole-visioned spirit of criticism, which has neither eye to see, nor heart to appreciate truth and beauty in others ; but which like the torch, which the ancients ascribed to their personification of Malevolence, lingers only upon faults.

The originality and spirit of his poetical writings soon attracted attention. His pieces were extensively copied, and, not unfrequently, with high encomium. The voice of praise is always sweet, but doubly so when it falls for the first time upon a youthful ear. But, Brainard was one of those who "bear their faculties meekly." Although publishing, week after week, poems which would have done honor to the genius of Burns and Wordsworth, he never publicly betrayed any symptoms of vanity. He held on the quiet and even tenor of his way, apparently regardless of that prodigality of intellectual beauty which blossomed around him. With but a moiety of his powers, more ardent and aspiring spirits would have striven mightily for the sunshine of applause. Brainard sought the shade. The fine current of his mind, like the 'sacred river' of the Kubla Khan, "meandered with an easy motion," in the silence and the coolness of abstracted thought, far below the noisy and heated atmosphere of the world. Its music was for himself alone. He cared not that the great world should hear it. It was like that hidden brooklet which Coleridge speaks of,—

———"To the sleeping woods all night
Singing a quiet tune"—

a stream, it is true, which burst forth occasionally into the live sunshine, like the flow of molten diamonds, but which seemed to murmur sweeter, where it caught its glimpses of blue sky and sailing cloud, through the dim vistas of the shaded solitude.

Aside from its original poetry and occasional notices of new books, the *Mirror*, while under his control hardly rose to mediocrity. The editorial remarks were usually comprised in a few short and hastily written paragraphs. There was a childish playfulness in his brief notices of important events. His political speculations were puerile and boyish. He turned off the 'Tariff' with a humorous comparison or a quaint quotation; and dismissed the subject of the Presidency with a *jeu de esprit*. Feeling himself unqualified by education or habit for the discussion of these matters, he would not for the enjoyment of a fictitious reputation,

————— "Get him glass eyes,
And like a scurvy politician seem
To see the things he did not."

He received considerable assistance from his brother,—whose frequent communications are marked by strong, nervous and original thought.

His habits of self reliance, of a gentle retirement into the calm beauty of his own mind rendered him, in a measure indifferent to the opinion of the world. Yet he loved society—the society of the gifted and intellectual—and of those who had become accustom-

ed to his peculiarities of manner and feeling, who could appreciate his merit, or relish his good natured jests and “mocks and knaveries,” and laugh with him at what he considered the ludicrous eagerness of the multitude after the vanities of existence. In larger and mixed circles his peculiar sensitiveness was a frequent cause of unhappiness. Amidst his gaiety and humour, a word spoken inadvertently—some unmeaning gesture—some casual inattention or unlucky oversight, checked at once, the free glow of his sprightly conversation—the jest died upon his lip,—and the melancholy which had been lifted from his heart, fell back again with increased heaviness.

A writer in one of our Daily Journals,* in a brief but very eloquent notice of the death of Brainard, thus speaks of his intellectual character while a resident in Hartford: “Brainard did not make much show in the world. He was an unassuming and unambitious man—but he had talents which should have made him our pride. They were not showy or dazzling—and perhaps that is the reason that the general eye did not rest upon him—but he had a keen discriminating susceptibility, and a taste exquisitely refined and true.” * * * “Brainard had no enemies. It was not that his character was negative or his courtesy universal. There was a directness in his manner, and a plain-spoken earnestness in his address, which could never have been wanting in proper dis-

* Boston Statesman of 1828.

crimination. He would never have compromised with the unworthy for their good opinion. But it was his truth—his fine, open, ingenuous truth—bound up with a character of great purity and benevolence, which won love for him. I never met a man of whom all men spoke so well. I fear I never shall. When I was introduced to him, he took me aside and talked with me for an hour. I shall never forget that conversation. He made no common-place remarks. He would not talk of himself, though I tried to lead him to it. He took a high intellectual tone, and I never have heard its beauty or originality equalled. He knew wonderfully well the secrets of mental relish and developement ; and had evidently examined himself till he had grown fond, as every one must who does it, of a quiet, contemplative, self-cultivating life. He had gone on with this process until the spiritual predominated entirely over the material man. He was all soul—all intellect—and he neglected therefore, the exciting ambitions and the common habits which keep the springs of ordinary life excited and healthy—and so he died—and I know not that for his own sake we should mourn.”

The citizens of Hartford were by no means unmindful of the real worth of Brainard, and if any thing of an unpleasant nature occurred in his intercourse with them, it might generally be traced to his own susceptibility and tenderness of feeling. The writer from whom I have just quoted, thus describes the circumstances under which he first saw the subject of his

sketch: "The first time I ever saw him, I met him in a gay and fashionable circle. He was pointed out to me as the poet Brainard—a plain, ordinary looking individual, careless in his dress, and apparently without the least outward claim to the attention of those who value such advantages. But there was no person there so much or so flatteringly attended to. He was among those who saw him every day and knew him familiarly; and I almost envied him, as he went round, the unqualified kindness and even affection, with which every bright girl and every mother in that room received him. He was evidently the idol, not only of the poetry-loving and gentler sex—but also of the young men who were about him—an evidence of worth, let me say, which is as high as it is uncommon."

In 1824-5, he prepared for the press a small volume of his poems. It was published at New-York in the Spring of 1825. It contains about 40 short pieces of poetry, most of which were cut from the files of the *Mirror* with little or no revision. The quaint humor of the author appears in the title page: "Occasional Pieces of Poetry, by John G. C. Brainard."

Some said, "John, print it;" others said, "Not so;"—
Some said, "It might do good;" others said, "No."

Bunyan's Apology.

The introduction is brief and characteristic: "The author of the following pieces has been induced to

publish them in a book, from considerations which cannot be interesting to the public. Many of these little poems have been printed in the *Connecticut Mirror*; and the others are just fit to keep them company. No apologies are made, and no criticisms deprecated. The common place story of the importunities of friends, though it had its share in the publication, is not insisted upon; but the vanity of the author, if others choose to call it such, is a natural motive; and the hope of "making a little something by it," is an honest acknowledgment, if it is a poor excuse."

In this humble and unpretending manner, a volume was introduced to the public, of which it is not too much to say, that it contains more pure, beautiful poetry, than any equal number of pages ever published in this country. I would make no rash assertion. Fame cannot visit Brainard in his grave; and I would not wrong his memory by exaggerated eulogium. Nor would I detract in the slightest degree from the just reputation of the living. As an American I am proud of the many gifted spirits who have laid their offerings upon the altar of our national literature. I believe them capable of greater and more successful efforts. I would encourage them onward. There is a growing disposition at home and abroad to reward literary exertion. And even if such were not the fact, is there nothing in the mild process of intellectual refinement, which is of itself worth more than the great world can bestow?

“Poetry” says Coleridge, “has been to me its own exceeding great reward.” This consciousness of rightly improving the endowments of Heaven,—of possessing a pure, internal fountain of innocent happiness, to which the spirit may turn for its refreshing from the fever of the world,—this contented self reliance,

“Which nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul’s calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy”

is far more to be desired than the deceitful murmurs of applause falling upon the craving ear of an unsatisfied spirit. Goethe learned this truth, long before the public eye was fixed upon him. He could be happy and satisfied in the enjoyment of his own intellectual paradise, even before the world had realized or acknowledged its exceeding beauty. In such a state the mind becomes worthy of its origin. It realizes in Time, something of its expansion in Eternity.

It is not to be denied that some of the poems in this little collection were totally unworthy of Brainard’s genius,—hasty, careless, and even in some instances below mediocrity—serving only as a foil to the exceeding beauty of the others. But what poet of modern days has ever published a perfect volume?—Byron threw his hasty, but powerful productions before the public with beauty wedded to deformity. Southey “discourses fustian” in his *Joan of Arc*; and in the midst of his wild dream of Eastern

wonder tell his ridiculous story of Kehama's ride into Hell over nine several bridges. Wordsworth, with all his fine perceptions of natural beauty, and his exquisite philosophy, sinks at times into the most disgusting puerility,—the pathos and sentiment of an overgrown baby. Even the gifted Shelly wearies us with his sickly conceits and unsubstantial theories;—and the author of *St. Agnes Eve* is mawkish and affected in his *Endymion*. It is certainly creditable to our Literary Reviews and Journals that, notwithstanding its obvious defects, the volume of Brainard was received with general and liberal encomium. The *North American Review*—one of our ablest periodicals—in a notice, generally favorable and extending through several pages, after speaking of the propensity of American writers to indulge in an unnatural and affected style—"the contortions of the Sybil, without the inspiration:"—makes the following remarks upon the particular subject in question:—"The instances are rare in which the charge of affectation can be made against Mr. Brainard, whatever may be his faults of taste and execution; or in which his practice can be said to sanction the doctrine that

"One line for sense and one for rhyme
Is quite enough at any time."

He seldom aims at more than he can accomplish: the chief misfortune with him is, that he should be contented sometimes to accomplish so little, and that little in so imperfect a manner. That he possesses

much of the genuine spirit and power of poetry, no one can doubt who reads some of the pieces in this volume, yet there are others which, if not absolutely below mediocrity, would never be suspected as coming from a soil watered by the dews of Castaly. They might pass off very well as exercises in rhyme of an incipient poet, the first efforts of pluming the wing for a bolder flight, and they might hold for a day an honorable place in the corner of a gazette, but to a higher service, a more conspicuous station, they could not wisely be called. In short, if we take all the author's compositions in this volume together, nothing is more remarkable concerning them than their inequality; the high poetical beauty and strength, both in thought and language of some parts, and the want of good taste and the extreme negligence of others."

Although the success which attended his first publication was such as might have stimulated one of a different temperament to greater and more systematic exertion, it had no sensible effect upon Brainard. His friends urged him to undertake a poem of some length in which he could concentrate the full vigor and beauty of his poetical powers; but he could never be prevailed upon to task his mind with the effort. He continued however to publish at long intervals, his "occasional pieces." These are now collected for the first time in the present volume.

It is very probable that lassitude and bodily debility may have been the prominent cause of the inactivi-

ty of Brainard even after the general voice had pronounced him capable of "marking the age with his name." Fame may "minister to a mind diseased;" but it cannot re-fill the exhausted fountains of existence; and that for which health and happiness have been sacrificed, may prove at last a mockery—like "delicates poured upon the mouth shut up, or as meats set upon a grave."

In the Spring of 1827, his health, which had for some time been failing, admonished him to seek its restoration by means of a temporary release from the duties of his profession. He returned to the quiet of his birthplace. There, all was affection and sympathy; and for these his sick spirit had longed "even as the servant earnestly desireth the shadow." His illness soon assumed the fearful character of a decided consumption.

During the Summer he spent a short time on Long Island. While here he composed that beautiful and touching sketch "The Invalid on the East end of Long Island," which cannot but be admired for its touching pathos, and exquisite description. It is remarkable as the only piece in which his sickness is alluded to. He did not wish to turn the public eye upon himself. He was contented with the sympathy and affectionate kindness of his intimate friends. In the loneliness of his sick chamber these were worth more to him than the plaudits of a world.

He never returned to Hartford. The slow but certain progress of disease compelled him to resign

into other hands the editorial department of his paper. Notwithstanding the circumstances under which it was written, his brief and pertinent valedictory, is bouyant with the author's characteristic cheerfulness.

He wrote while at New-London, several short poems which were published in the *Mirror*. These bear no evidence of that depression which so generally accompanies a lingering illness. They are fanciful and brilliant—indicating a clear and healthful mental vision, unaffected by the circumstance of physical decay.

To most minds there is something terrible in the steady and awful decline of the powers of nature,—the gradual loosening of the silver cord of existence. It is in truth a fearful thing to perish slowly in the very spring of existence,—to feel day after day, our hold on life less certain,—to look out upon Nature with an eye and a spirit capable of realizing its beauty, and yet to feel that to us it is forbidden,—to be conscious of deep affections and tender sympathies and yet to know that these must perish in our own bosoms, unshared and solitary,—to feel the fever of ambition, without the power to satisfy its thirst,—and, ourselves dark and despairing, to “look into happiness through the eyes of others. But Brainard was happy in the hour of sickness and the failing of his strength. Death for him had few terrors.—Young as he was he had learned to turn aside from the world,—to live in it without leaning upon it. His were the consolations of that religion whose in-

heritance is not of this world. While in health—in the widest range of his fancy—in the purest play of his humor, he had never indulged in irreverence or profanity, for there was always a deep under-current of religious feeling, tempering the lighter elements of his disposition. He had moreover made himself thoroughly acquainted with the great truths of Christianity by a long and careful study of the sacred volume. And when, to use his own language, he turned

“Away from all that’s bright and beautiful—
To the sick pillow and the feverish bed,”

the pure and sustaining influence of that peace which is “not such as the world giveth” was around him, “like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” There is a refining process in sickness. The human spirit is purified and made better by the ordeal of affliction. The perishing body is strongly contrasted with its living guest—the one sinking into ruins—the other ‘secure in its existence,’ and strong in its imperishable essence. It may be that, according to the poet,

“The soul’s dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Still lets in light through chinks which Time has made,”

and that when the pleasures and varieties of the world are stealing away forever—when the frail foothold of existence is washing rapidly away—like the disciple of the Egyptian Priesthood, who, in ascend-

ing the mystic ladder of the temple of Iris, was compelled to grasp the round above him, while the one beneath him was crumbling in pieces—the human spirit is led upward by the very insufficiency of its earthly support, until at last it takes hold on Heaven. In the hour of health and high enjoyment, a thousand images of earthly beauty rise between us and the better land. It is only when those “which look out at the window are darkened” that the full glory of the beatific vision is realized. It is in the shadow, and not in the bright sunshine that the eye looks farthest into the blue mysteries above us.

The Rev. Mr. M'Ewen pastor of the Church of which Brainard was a member, in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Hawes of Hartford, thus describes the last hours of his friend. “In my first visit to him, two or three months before his death, he said:—‘I am sick and near death, and I ought not to be too confident how I should act or feel had I a prospect of health and the worldly pleasures and prosperity which it would offer. But, if I know myself I would, were I well, devote my life to the service of Jesus Christ.’ I stated some of the main doctrines of Christianity. ‘These are scripture,’ he said—‘they are true, and delightful to me. The plan of Salvation in the Gospel is all that I wish for;—it fills me with wonder and gratitude; and makes the prospect of death not only peaceful but joyful.—‘My salvation,’ he continued, ‘is not to be effected by a profession of religion; but when I read Christ’s requirements, and look

round on my friends and acquaintance, I cannot be content without performing this public duty." He was propounded, and in due time, pale and feeble, yet manifestly with mental joy and serenity, he came to the house of God, professed his faith and was baptized, and entered into covenant with God and his people. The next Sabbath the Lord's Supper was administered. It was wet and he could not be out. His disappointment was great. A few friends went to his room and communed with him there in this ordinance. While his father's family and others, during the scene, were dissolved in tears, he sat with dignity and composure, absorbed in the interesting ceremony in which he was engaged. In my last interview with him, after he was, at his own request, left alone with me, he said: "I wish not to be deceived about my state—but I am not in the usual condition to try myself. No one abuses a sick man—every thing around me is sympathy and kindness. I used to be angry when people spoke what was true of me. I have now no resentment. I can forgive all, and pray I think for the salvation of all. I am not tried with pain. I have hardly any outward trial.' 'But,' said I, 'you have one great trial—you must soon part with life:' 'And I am willing' he replied. 'The Gospel makes my prospect delightful. God is a God of truth, and I think I am reconciled to him.' I saw him no more, but was told that he died in peace."

He died September 26th, 1828. The event was

widely deplored. The poetry of Brainard had addressed itself directly to the heart, and had made its author beloved by thousands who had never seen him. Brainard has beautifully described the sorrows of the Tuscan philosopher when his favorite Pleiad had vanished from its clustering sisterhood. It was with something of this feeling that the friends of American genius looked out upon and numbered the lights of our literary horizon, and mourned for that missing star, whose rising was so full of promise. In the places of his former residence the news of his death, though long expected, came like a sudden and mournful visitation. All felt, more sensibly than ever, the true worth of the noble spirit which had been among them. In his own family there was that deeper "grief which passeth show"—a sorrow which could be alleviated only by the consolations of that hope which sustained in his last moments, their departed relative.

"Where shall they turn to mourn him less?—

When cease to hear his cherished name?

Time cannot teach Forgetfulness,

When Grief's full heart is fed by Fame."

The person of Brainard was rather below the ordinary standard—a circumstance which gave him a great deal of uneasiness, and any allusion to it, however playful, never failed to injure deeply his sensitive feelings. His features were expressive of mild-

ness and reflection. There was a dreamy listlessness in his eye, which, however, gave way to the changes of feeling and passion.

I cannot forbear introducing in this place an extract of a letter from a Lady, highly distinguished in the walks of Literature,—one, who knew Brainard well, and who has on another occasion, paid a beautiful and just tribute to his memory :

“ To the intellectual power, and poetical eminence of Mr. Brainard, the public will undoubtedly do justice. But those who knew and valued him as a *friend*, can bear testimony to the intrinsic excellencies of his character. They were admitted with a generous freedom into the sanctuary of his soul, and saw those fountains of deep and disinterested feeling which were hidden from casual observation. Friendship was not in him a modification of selfishness, lightly conceived, and as lightly dissolved. His sentiments respecting it, were formed on the noble models of ancient story,—and he proved himself capable of its delicate perceptions, and its undeviating integrities. His heart had an aptitude both for its confidential interchange, and its sacred responsibilities. In his intercourse with society, he exhibited neither the pride of genius, nor the pedantry of knowledge. To the critick he might have appeared deficient in personal dignity. So humbly did he think of himself, and his own attainments, that the voice of approbation and kindness, seemed necessary to assure his spirits, and even to sustain his perseverance in the labours of literature.—

Possessed both of genuine wit, and of that playful humour which rendered his company sought and admired, he never trifled with the feelings of others, or aimed to shine at their expense. Hence he expected the same regard to his own mental comfort,—and was exceedingly vulnerable to the careless jest, or to the chillness of reserve.

It did not require the eye of intimacy to discover that he was endowed with an acute sensibility. This received early nurture, and example in the bosom of most affectionate relatives. The endearing associations connected with his paternal mansion, preserved their freshness and force, long after he ceased to be an inmate there. It was ever a remedy for his despondency to elicit from him descriptions of the scenery of his native place, of the rambles of his boyhood, of the little boat in which he first dared the waves ;—but more especially of his beloved parents,—of his aged grandmother,—and of those fraternal sympathies which constituted so great a part of his happiness. When he had been for years a denizen of the busy world, and had mingled in those competitions which are wont to wear the edge from the finer feelings, a visit to his *home*, was an unchanged subject of joyous anticipation, of cherished recollection. At one of his last departures from that dear spot, previous to his return thither *to die* ;—he stood upon the deck of the boat, watching each receding vestige of spire, tree, roof and billow, with a lingering and intense affection. Perceiving himself to be observed, he dashed away the

large tears that were gathering like rain-drops, and conquering his emotion, said in a careless tone,—“Well, they are good folks there at home,—*all good but me*; that was the reason they sent me away.”——The efforts which he continually put forth during his intercourse with mankind, to conceal his extreme susceptibility, sometimes gave to his manners the semblance of levity. Hence he was liable to misconstruction, and a consciousness of this, by inducing occasional melancholy and seclusion, threw him still further from these sympathies for which his affectionate spirit languished. Still it cannot be said that his sensibility had a morbid tendency. It shrank indeed, like the Mimosa, but it had no worm at its root. Its gushings forth, were in admiration of the charms of nature,—and in benevolence to the humblest creature,—to the poor child in the street, and to the forest-bird. It had affinity with love to God, and with good-will to man. Had his life been prolonged, and he permitted to encircle with the beautiful domestick charities a household hearth of his own, the true excellencies of his heart, would have gained more perfect illustration. It possessed a simplicity of trusting confidence,—a fullness of tender and enduring affection which would there have found free scope, and legitimate action. There he might have worn as a crown, that exquisite sensibility, which among proud and lofty spirits he covered as a blemish,—or shrank from as a reproach. But it pleased the Almighty early to transfer him, where loneliness can no longer settle as a cloud over

his soul,—nor the coarse enginery which earth employs jar against its harp-strings, and obstruct its melody.”

The poetry, which Brainard has left behind him, should be considered only in the light of a beautiful promise,—an earnest of the capabilities of a mind untasked by severe discipline, and almost unconscious of its own power. His productions were all hasty and unstudied, given to the press without revision—without a signature, and with nothing but their intrinsic worth to recommend them to public favor. Much allowance should be made for the circumstances under which they were written. Whoever has had an experimental knowledge of the editorial life, will acknowledge the extreme difficulty of giving uniform polish and beauty to the original columns of a newspaper. The mind revolts at the idea of a weekly task,—a defined and steadily exacted labor of intellect. In the intellectual temperament of genius there are seasons of listlessness and inactivity—when the bent bow relaxes from its tension—when in the language of Sterne, “the thoughts rise heavy and pass gummous through the pen.” To write at such times for the edification or amusement of others is, at least, a painful and unnatural effort. It is like exacting responses from the Pythoness when deprived of her tripod.

Yet, notwithstanding the difficulties and disadvantages under which most of the poems in this volume were written—unpolished and unconnected as they are, by the mind which conceived them, they are such as would do honor to “longer scrolls and loftier

lyres." They have certainly the qualities of genuine poetry. Study and revision might have polished and developed more fully their native colorings, but could have added little to their intrinsic excellence.

The longest poem in this collection is the Address to Connecticut River. It is a specimen of beautiful description. Its versification is easy and flowing, without the chiming monotony of the old school writers in their use of the same measure. The thoughts are perfectly natural. The images pass before us like old and familiar friends. We have seen and known them all before : not in books, but in the great open volume of nature. The paragraph commencing,

" And there are glossy curls and sunny eyes,
As brightly lit, and bluer than thy skies,"

is a splendid picture : the master's hand is distinctly visible. There is nothing dim, or shadowy or meagre in its outlines,—it is the pencilling of a Leonardo de Vinci, full of life and vigor and beauty.

There is much of the true spirit of the old English Ballads in the Black Fox, Matchit Moodus, the Shad Spirit, and other poems of this description. His graver poems are, however more worthy of eulogium, although from the majority of his readers they may have met with a less cordial reception. But in truth the mind tires of continual solemnity and gloom—and it is perhaps better to laugh occasionally over the designs of Hogarth than to sup full of horrors with Salvator Rosa. Brainard's humor is, in fact, the mere sportiveness of innocence.

There is one important merit in his poetry which would redeem a thousand faults. It is wholly American. If he "babbles o' green fields" and trees they are such as of right belong to us. He does not talk of the palms and cypress where he should describe the rough oak and sombre hemlock. He prefers the lowliest blossom of Yankee-land to the gorgeous magnolia and the orange bower of another clime. It is this which has made his poetry popular and his name dear in New-England.

It has been often said that the New World is deficient in the elements of poetry and romance; that its bards must of necessity linger over the classic ruins of other lands; and draw their sketches of character from foreign sources, and paint Nature under the soft beauty of an Eastern sky. On the contrary, New-England is full of Romance; and her writers would do well to follow the example of Brainard. The great forest which our fathers penetrated—the red men—their struggle and their disappearance—the Powwow and the War-dance—the savage inroad and the English sally—the tale of superstition, and the scenes of Witchcraft,—all these are rich materials of poetry. We have indeed no classic vale of Tempe—no haunted Parnassus—no temple, gray with years, and hallowed by the gorgeous pageantry of idol worship—no towers and castles over whose moonlight ruins gathers the green pall of the ivy. But we have mountains pilloring a sky as blue as that which bends over classic Olympus: streams as bright and beauti-

ful as those of Greece or Italy,—and forests richer and nobler than those which of old were haunted by Sylph and Dryad.

The moral tone of the poems in this collection is certainly deserving of high commendation, in an age, which has been poisoned by the licentiousness of poetry,—by the school of Moore and Byron and Shelley,—to say nothing of their thousand imitators.

There would seem to be a strong temptation attending the process of poetical composition to give imagination the legitimate place of truth: to make boldness and originality the primary objects at the expense of virtuous sentiment and religious feeling. But who that peruses the Poems of Brainard will charge him with having obeyed this general tendency. Playfulness and humor they may indeed find,—but no irreverence; no licentious description; no daring revolt of the dust and ashes of humanity against the wisdom and power of the Creator.

There is a deep religious feeling evinced in the lines commencing: “All sights are fair to the recovered blind.”—The last stanza seems to breathe the melodious murmurs of the harp of Zion:

’Tis somewhat like the burst from death to life;
 From the grave’s cerements to the robes of Heaven;
 From sin’s dominion, and from passion’s strife
 To the pure freedom of a soul forgiven!
 When all the bonds of death and hell are riven,
 And mortals put on immortality;
 When fear, and care, and grief away are driven,
 And Mercy’s hand has turned the golden key,
 And Mercy’s voice has said, “Rejoice—thy soul is free!”

SKETCH

OF AN OCCURRENCE ON BOARD A BRIG.

I.

The sun's beam and the moon's beam check the sea,
The light wave smiles in both, and sportingly
Catching the silver on its deep blue side,
Throws it in spangles on the westering tide,
And tints the golden edges of the beam
That last and sweetest trembles on the stream ;
For sure 'tis moonlight—see the sun give way,
And yon fair orb light up another day,
A calmer, softer morning than the hour
Of real morn, howe'er bedeck'd with flower,
Or bud, or song, or dew-drop—the sun's feast,
Or all the gorgeous glories of the East.

What boat is that ! yon lonely little boat,
Sculling and rippling through the shades, that float
On yon sequester'd bay, and mark the trees,
Bending so beautifully in the breeze.

It steals from out the shade, and now the tide
 Presses its bow and chafes against its side ;
 She seems to wear her way with little strength,
 Feeble, but yet determin'd, 'till at length
 The skiff comes near and nearer—" boat ahoy !
 What scull is that, and who are you my boy ?"

II.

There is a tear in that young, sullen eye,
 That looks not like a boy's tear, soon to dry ;
 There is a tremor on his lip and chin,
 A mix'd up look—half feeling and half sin.—
 Panting with toil or anger, now he stands
 Upon the deck, and wrings his blister'd hands,
 Too proud to weep,—too young to wear the face
 Of manhood steel'd to danger, pain, disgrace ;
 There was in lip, and cheek, and brow and eye,
 A gesture of each thought's variety,
 While leaning sadly 'gainst the vessel's wale,
 He told, in broken words, a common tale.
 He was a runaway,—had left the shore,
 Stolen a boat, a jacket, and an oar,
 And come on board our brig, "in hopes that we,
 (He said) would take him with us out to sea."
 The captain hush'd at once the poor boy's fears :
 —We want a cabin boy—dry up your tears ;

The wind calls for us, spread the loftiest sail,
 And catch the top-most favor of the gale;
 The tide sets out, the ocean's on the lea,
 Gaily we'll plough our furrow thro' the sea.

III.

The eye, the ear, the nostril and the heart,
 How they do snuff and listen, gaze and start,
 When the brave vessel strains each brace and line,
 Mounts the mad wave, and, dashing thro' its brine,
 Flies from the thick'ning anger of the spray,
 And doubly swift leaps forward on her way;
 While the keen seaman takes his watchful stand,
 And feels the tiller tremble in his hand—
 Or lash'd securely on the sea-wash'd side,
 Heaves lead, or log, and sings how fast they glide.

But that young boy. I think I see him now,
 With death upon his eye-lid and his brow;
 That eye so blue and clear, that forehead fair,
 Those ringlets of bright, close-curl'd, glossy hair,
 That hectic flush, which to the last grew bright,
 As his next world's young dawning grew more light;
 Yes! that young boy—the danger and the pain
 Of hardships past—the thought that ne'er again
 His foot might press the paths his boyhood lov'd,
 Or his hand lift the latchet unprov'd,

His ear hear sweet forgiveness—or his eye
 See those he lov'd even from his infancy,
 And then the giddy whirl of his young brain,
 Upon the rushing, changing, tumbling main,
 Without a friend to look at, by his side,
 He wept, and said his prayers, and groan'd and died.

IV.

They plung'd him, when the winds were up, and when
 The sharks play'd round this floating home of men ;
 When the strain'd timbers groan'd in every wave,
 And the rough cordage scream'd above his grave ;
 When the wild winds wove many a sailor's shroud
 Of darkness in the red-edg'd thunder cloud ;
 While in the dread black pauses of the storm,
 The stunn'd ear heard his moan, the shut eye saw his
 form.

Had it been calm—had dolphins play'd in rings,
 And flying fishes sunn'd their wetted wings ;
 Had the sweet south but breath'd to smooth the sea,
 And evening, for one hour, look'd tranquilly ;
 Or had some tomb-like iceberg floated on
 The spot, as the retiring sun went down,
 Or the black Peteril on mid-ocean's surge
 Sung to the Albatross the poor boy's dirge,—

One might have blest the far off, long lost spot
 Where to the deepest depths he sunk and was forgot.
 Silent they bore him to the vessel's side,
 Silent the hammock and the rope they ey'd,
 With thoughtful look, a moment there they stood,
 And gaz'd an instant on the yawning flood ;
 A sailor's prayer, a sailor's tear, were all
 They had to give him, but a sailor's pall—
 They plung'd him in the water, and the shark
 Plung'd after him, down, down, into the dark.

V.

On rolls the storm, once more the sky is blue,
 And there is mirth among the hardy crew ;
 The port is gain'd, the vessel waits the breeze
 To bear her once again o'er tides and seas
 Back to her home : our native hills once more
 Send the land breezes from the well known shore,
 And, as the joys and pains of memory come,
 The question'd pilot tells us news of home.

Once more upon the land !—What sweet eyed girl
 With long bright locks, clustered in many a curl
 Round her white polish'd forehead, sits alone
 In anxious sadness on yon wave wash'd stone !
 Her eye looks searchingly from face to face,
 One long sought look or lineament to trace.

In vain the ear grates to each loud rough cry
Of boisterous welcome, or of coarse reply,
In vain that hand is stretch'd his hand to grasp,
In vain those arms his well lov'd form to clasp;
A few shrill piercing words—'twas all she said
“O tell me, is my brother”—“he is dead.”—

As the struck bird will rise upon the wing,
And whirl aloft in agonizing swing,
Then, seek the darkest covert of the wood
To pant, and bleed, and die in solitude.—
That fair form flitted to the forest shade
Where sank and died alone, the broken hearted maid.

JERUSALEM.

THE following paragraph from the Mercantile Advertiser, suggested the lines below it.

The following intelligence from Constantinople is of the 11th ult.—“A severe earthquake is said to have taken place at Jerusalem, which has destroyed great part of that city, shaken down the Mosque of Omar, and reduced the Holy Sepulchre to ruins from top to bottom.”

Four lamps were burning o'er two mighty graves—

Godfrey's and Baldwin's—Salem's Christian kings;
And holy light glanc'd from Helena's naves,

Fed with the incense which the Pilgrim brings,—

While through the pannell'd roof the cedar flings
Its sainted arms o'er choir, and roof, and dome,

And every porphyry-pillar'd cloister rings
To every kneeler there its “welcome home,”
As every lip breathes out, “O Lord, thy kingdom come.”

A mosque was garnish'd with its crescent moons,

And a clear voice call'd Mussulmans to prayer.

There were the splendours of Judea's thrones—

There were the trophies which its conquerors wear—
All but the truth, the holy truth, was there:—

For there, with lip profane, the crier stood,
 And him from the tall minaret you might hear,
 Singing to all whose steps had thither trod,
 That verse misunderstood, "There is no God but God."
 Hark ! did the Pilgrim tremble as he kneel'd ?
 And did the turban'd Turk his sins confess ?
 Those mighty hands, the elements that wield
 That mighty power that knows to curse or bless,
 Is over all ; and in whatever dress
 His suppliants crowd around him, He can see
 Their heart, in city or in wilderness,
 And probe its core, and make its blindness see
 That He is very God, the only Deity.

There was an earthquake once that rent thy fane,
 Proud Julian ; when (against the prophecy
 Of Him who liv'd, and died, and rose again,
 "That one stone on another should not lie,")
 Thou would'st rebuild that Jewish masonry
 To mock the eternal word.—The earth below
 Gush'd out in fire ; and from the brazen sky,
 And from the boiling seas such wrath did flow,
 As saw not Shinar's plain, nor Babel's overthrow.

Another earthquake comes, Dome, roof, and wall
 Tremble ; and headlong to the grassy bank,
 And in the muddied stream the fragments fall,

While the rent chasm spread its jaws, and drank
 At one huge draught, the sediment, which sank
 In Salem's drained goblet. Mighty Power!

Thou whom we all should worship, praise, and thank,
 Where was thy mercy in that awful hour,
 When hell mov'd from beneath, and thine own heaven did
 lower?

Say, Pilate's palaces—say, proud Herod's towers—

Say, gate of Bethlehem, did your arches quake?

Thy pool, Bethesda, was it fill'd with show'rs?

Calm Gihon, did the jar thy waters wake?

Tomb of thee, *Mary—Virgin*—did it shake?

Glow'd thy bought field, Aceldema, with blood?

Where were the shudderings Calvary might make?

Did sainted Mount Moriah send a flood,

To wash away the spot where once a God had stood?

Lost Salem of the Jews—great sepulchre

Of all profane and of all holy things—

Where Jew, and Turk, and Gentile yet concur

To make thee what thou art! thy history brings

Thoughts mix'd of joy and wo. The whole earth
 rings

With the sad truth which He has prophesied,

Who would have shelter'd with his holy wings.

Thee and thy children. You his power defied:

You scourg'd him while he liv'd, and mock'd him as he
died !

There is a star in the untroubled sky,

That caught the first light which its Maker made—
It led the hymn of other orbs on high;—

'Twill shine when all the fires of heaven shall fade.

Pilgrims at Salem's porch, be that your aid!
For it has kept its watch on Palestine!

Look to its holy light, nor be dismay'd,
Though broken is each consecrated shrine,
Though crush'd and ruin'd all—which men have call'd
divine.

NOTE TO THE VERSES.—Godfrey and Baldwin were the first Christian Kings at Jerusalem. The Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, built the *church of the sepulchre* on Mount Calvary. The walls are of stone and the roof of cedar. The four lamps which light it are very costly. It is kept in repair by the offerings of Pilgrims who resort to it. The Mosque was originally a Jewish Temple. The Emperor Julian undertook to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem at very great expense, to disprove the prophecy of our Saviour, as it was understood by the Jews; but the work and the workmen were destroyed by an earthquake. The pools of Bethesda and Gihon—the tomb of the Virgin Mary, and of King Jehoshaphat—the pillar of Absalom, the tomb of Zachariah—and the *campo santo*, or holy field, which is supposed to have been purchased with the price of Judas' treason, are, or were lately, the most interesting parts of Jerusalem.

MATCHIT MOODUS.

A traveller, who accidentally passed through East Haddam, made several inquiries as to the *Moodus noises*, that are peculiar to that part of the country. Many particulars were related to him of their severity and effects, and of the means that had been taken to ascertain their cause, and prevent their recurrence. He was told that the simple and terrified inhabitants, in the early settlement of the town, applied to a book-learned and erudite man *from England*, by the name of Doctor Steele, who undertook, by magic, to allay their terrors; and for this purpose took the sole charge of a blacksmith's shop, in which he worked by night, and from which he excluded all admission, tightly stopping and darkening the place, to prevent any prying curiosity from interfering with his occult operations. He, however, so far explained the cause of these noises as to say, that they were owing to a carbuncle, which must have grown to a great size, in the bowels of the rocks; and that if it could be removed, the noises would cease, until another should grow in its place. The noises ceased—the doctor departed, and has never been heard of since. It was supposed that he took the carbuncle with him. Thus far was authentic. A little girl, who had anxiously noticed the course of the traveller's inquiries, sung for his further edification the following ballad:

SEE you upon the lonely moor,

A crazy building rise?

No hand dares venture to open the door—

No footstep treads its dangerous floor—

No eye in its secrets pries.

Now why is each crevice stopp'd so tight ?

Say, why the bolted door ?

Why glimmers at midnight the forge's light—

All day is the anvil at rest, but at night

The flames of the furnace roar ?

Is it to arm the horse's heel,

That the midnight anvil rings ?

Is it to mould the ploughshare's steel,

Or is it to guard the wagon's wheel,

That the smith's sledge-hammer swings ?

The iron is bent, and the crucible stands

With alchymy boiling up ;

Its contents were mix'd by unknown hands,

And no mortal fire e'er kindled the brands,

That heated that corner'd cup.

O'er Moodus river a light has glanc'd,

On Moodus hills it shone ;

On the granite rocks the rays have danc'd,

And upward those creeping lights advanc'd,

Till they met on the highest stone.

O that is the very wizard place,

And now is the wizard hour,

By the light that was conjur'd up to trace,

Ere the star that falls can run its race,

The seat of the earthquake's power.

By that unearthly light, I see
 A figure strange alone—
 With magic circlet on his knee,
 And deck'd with Satan's symbols, he
 Seeks for the hidden stone.*

*In the course of our disultory reading we have noted several testimonies of authors and travellers relative to these singular noises in the mountains, which would seem almost to corroborate the hypothesis of the Matchit Moodus Alchymist. VASCONCELLOS, a Jesuit of some repute, describes similar noises which he heard in Brazil. They resembled the discharge of heavy artillery. In the Terra de Piratuningo the Indians told him that the noise he heard was an explosion of stones;—"and it was so" said he "for after some days the place was found where a rock had burst, and from its entrails with the report which we had heard like groans, had sent forth a little treasure. This was a sort of nut, about the size of a bull's heart—full of jewelry of different colors, some white—some transparent chrysal, others of a fine red and some between red and white, imperfect as it seemed. All these were placed in order like the grains of a pomegranite within a case or shell harder than iron which was broken to pieces by the explosion." In speaking of the adjoining province of Guayra, TECHO says it is famous for a sort of stones which nature after a wonderful manner produces in an oval stone case, about the bigness of a man's head:—these stones lying under ground until they arrive to a certain maturity, fly like bombs in pieces about the air, with much noise. In an old account of Teixeira's voyage down the Orellana, the writer says

Now upward goes that gray old man,
 With mattock, bar and spade—
 The summit is gain'd, and the toil began,
 And deep by the rock where the wild lights ran,
 The magic trench is made.

Loud and yet louder was the groan
 That sounded wide and far ;
 And deep and hollow was the moan,
 That roll'd around the bedded stone,
 Where the workman plied his bar.

that the Indians assured them, that, horrible noises were heard in the *Lena de Paraguaxo* from time to time, which is a certain sign that this mountain contains stones of great value in its entrails." HUMBOLT himself notices this phenomenon as occurring in the hills near Mexico,—a subteraneous noise like the roar of artillery. As coal abounds in those hills, he enquires whether this does not announce a disengagement of hydrogen produced by a bed of coal in a state of inflammation. In the account of the "Yellow Stone Expedition" of Lewis and Clark in 1804—1805 and 1806, we are told that near the falls of the Missouri several loud reports were heard among the mountains resembling precisely the report of a six pounder. The Indians had before told them of these noises. The Pawnee and Ricaras tribes of Indians also told the exploring party that a similar noise was frequently heard among the mountains to the westward of their country, which was caused they said by the bursting of the rich mines confined in the bosom of the earth.—EDITOR.

Then upward stream'd the brilliant's light,
 It stream'd o'er crag and stone :—
 Dim look'd the stars, and the moon, that night ;
 But when morning came in her glory bright,
 The man and the jewel were gone.

But wo to the bark in which he flew
 From Moodus' rocky shore ;
 Wo to the Captain, and wo to the crew,
 That ever the breath of life they drew,
 When that dreadful freight they bore.

Where is that crew and vessel now ?
 Tell me their state who can ?
 The wild waves dash o'er their sinking bow—
 Down, down to the fathomless depths they go,
 To sleep with a sinful man.

The carbuncle lies in the deep, deep sea,
 Beneath the mighty wave ;
 But the light shines upward so gloriously,
 That the sailor looks pale and forgets his glee,
 When he crosses the wizard's grave.

STANZAS.

The dead leaves strew the forest walk,
And wither'd are the pale wild flowers ;
The frost hangs black'ning on the stalk,
The dew drops fall in frozen showers.
Gone are the Spring's green sprouting bow'rs,
Gone Summer's rich and mantling vines,
And Autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learn'd a clear and wild-ton'd note,
That rose and swell'd from yonder tree—
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
There perch'd and rais'd her song for me.
The winter comes, and where is she ?
Away—where summer wings will rove,
Where buds are fresh, and every tree
Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,
Too fresh the flower that blushes there,
The northern breeze that rustles by,
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair ;

No forest tree stands stript and bare,
 No stream beneath the ice is dead,
 No mountain top with sleety hair
 Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there, with all the birds,—and seek
 A happier clime, with livelier flight,
 Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,
 And leave me lonely with the night.
 —I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
 And mark where all its glories shone—
 See—that it all is fair and bright,
 Feel—that it all is cold and gone.

THE INVALID

ON THE EAST END OF LONG ISLAND.

Feeble, with languid, staff-supported step
 And heavy eye and heavier heart, I tread
 The sun-scorch'd sand, and breathe the sultry air
 That hovers on the road. One effort more,
 One mile or two at most, and then I stand
 Where I can feel the balmy breath of heaven.
 The grassy lane, o'er arch'd with boughs and leaves

Runs its green vista to a small bright point,
 And that point is the ocean. Faint the limbs,
 And all the body tires—but for the soul
 It hath its holiday in such a spot.

A moment rest we on the only stone
 In all the alley—wipe the sweating brow
 And drop the eye upon the turf around.

The notes of birds are heard in other groves
 And every where are welcome, for the song
 Of gladness and of innocence is sweet
 To all. But here and to the weary too
 'Tis exquisite : for with it comes the sound,
 Not of the wind-fann'd leaves and rustling boughs
 And wavy tree tops only—but the voice
 Of ocean.

He has heard its mighty sound
 Whose bark was on its awful waters when
 The billows swept the deck and rioted,
 Mix'd with the winds, round all its gallant spars.
 He too has heard its moanings, who, becalm'd
 Lies like a small thing, helpless and alone
 Upon a rolling waste immensity.
 And he has heard another tone, who marks
 Its furious dance among the leeward rocks
 Where he must bear its ravings o'er his bones.

But in this calm and leafy grove, the sound
 Is smoother, softer, sweeter, than the harp
 That the winds love to play on. Let us rise
 And view the Giant that can tune his voice
 To every passion—that can touch each chord
 That vibrates in a saint's or sinner's heart.
 —But to the shore. O ! what a depth of wave
 And what a length of foam ! That solemn voice !
 'Tis louder and yet sweeter—They mistake
 Who call it hoarse—They never on the white
 And pebbly beach in peace and quietness
 Have heard it roar—or watch'd the spray
 That venturing farthest on the smooth white sand
 Kisses, retires and comes to kiss again.

Upon the utmost bound, a clear white jet
 Of water, from the dark green wave, betray
 The sporting of the whale ; and nearer shore,
 The sea birds rise upon their wetted wings
 And bear their prey far to their lonely nests.

The sun sets—and the blushing water turns
 To a blue, star spread, foam-tip'd, wavy sea
 Of beauty. Yonder sweeps a brave white sail
 Bending as gracefully in evening's breeze
 As a keen skater on the glassy ice.
 And now—even as some hospitable man

Will light his going guest into the path,
 And bid God bless him, as he speeds his way
 Onward, alone, into the untried dark ;
 The Lighthouse—last of friends that ship may see
 Points out the course till far beyond its beam
 The sea fire of the ocean only shines.

Away from all that's bright and beautiful,
 From the fresh breeze and from the glorious view,
 From all that's lovely, noble, or sublime,
 To the sick pillow and the feverish bed.
 There may good angels watch me and good thoughts
 Crowd to my dreaming and my waking hours,
 For the whole world of waters, the firm hand,
 The canopy with all its suns and stars,
 Its bright unnumbered systems. all are His,
 And He is every where.

THE STORM OF WAR.

O ! once was felt the storm of war !
 It had an earthquake's roar,
 It flash'd upon the mountain height,
 And smok'd along the shore.

It thunder'd in a dreaming ear,
 And up the Farmer sprang;
 It mutter'd in a bold true heart,
 And a warriors harness rang.

It rumbled by a widow's door,—
 All but her hope did fail:
 It trembled through a leafy grove,
 And a maiden's cheek was pale.
 It steps upon the sleeping sea,
 And waves around it howl;
 It strides from top to foaming top
 Out-frowning ocean's scowl.

And yonder sail'd the merchant ship—
 There was peace upon her deck;
 —Her friendly flag from the mast was torn,
 And the waters whelm'd the wreck.
 But the same blast that bore her down
 Fill'd a gallant daring sail,
 That lov'd the might of the blackning storm
 And laugh'd in the roaring gale.

The stream, that was a torrent once,
 Is rippled to a brook,
 The sword is broken, and the spear
 Is but a pruning hook.

The mother chides her truant boy,
 And keeps him well from harm ;
 While in the grove the happy maid
 Hangs on her lover's arm.

Another breeze is on the sea,
 Another wave is there,
 And floats abroad triumphantly,
 A banner bright and fair.
 And peaceful hands and happy hearts,
 And gallant spirits keep
 Each star that decks it pure and bright,
 Above the rolling deep.

July 4th, 1827.

TO THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.

From that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain
 That links the mountain to the mighty main,
 Fresh from the rock and swelling by the tree,
 Rushing to meet and dare and breast the sea—
 Fair, noble, glorious river ! in thy wave
 The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave ;
 The mountain torrent, with its wintry roar
 Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore :—

The promontories love thee—and for this
 Turn their rough cheeks and stay thee for thy kiss.

Stern, at thy source, thy northern Guardians stand,
 Rude rulers of the solitary land,
 Wild dwellers by thy cold sequester'd springs,
 Of earth the feathers and of air the wings ;
 Their blasts have rock'd thy cradle, and in storm
 Cover'd thy couch and swath'd in snow thy form—
 Yet, bless'd by all the elements that sweep
 The clouds above, or the unfathom'd deep,
 The purest breezes scent thy blooming hills,
 The gentlest dews drop on thy eddying rills,
 By the moss'd bank, and by the aged tree,
 The silver streamlet smoothest glides to thee.

The young oak greets thee at the water's edge,
 Wet by the wave, though anchor'd in the ledge.
 —'Tis there the otter dives, the beaver feeds,
 Where pensive osiers dip their willowly weeds,
 And there the wild cat purs amid her brood,
 And trains them, in the sylvan solitude,
 To watch the squirrel's leap, or mark the mink
 Paddling the water by the quiet brink ;—
 Or to out-gaze the grey owl in the dark,
 Or hear the young fox practising to bark.

Dark as the frost nip'd leaves that strew'd the ground.
 The Indian hunter here his shelter found ;
 Here cut his bow and shap'd his arrows true,
 Here built his wigwam and his bark canoe,
 Spear'd the quick salmon leaping up the fall,
 And slew the deer without the rifle ball.
 Here his young squaw her cradling tree would choose
 Singing her chant to hush her swart pappoose,
 Here stain her quills and string her trinkets rude,
 And weave her warrior's wampum in the wood.
 —No more shall they thy welcome waters bless,
 No more their forms thy moonlit banks shall press,
 No more be heard, from mountain or from grove,
 His whoop of slaughter, or her song of love.

Thou didst not shake, thou didst not shrink when, late
 The mountain-top shut down its ponderous gate,
 Tumbling its tree grown ruins to thy side,
 An avalanche of acres at a slide.
 Nor dost thou stay, when winter's coldest breath
 Howls through the woods and sweeps along the heath—
 One mighty sigh relieves thy icy breast
 And wakes thee from the calmness of thy rest.

Down sweeps the torrent ice—it may not stay
 By rock or bridge, in narrow or in bay—

swift, swifter to the heaving sea it goes
 and leaves thee dimpling in thy sweet repose.
 —Yet as the unharm'd swallow skims his way,
 and lightly drops his pinions in thy spray,
 so the swift sail shall seek thy inland seas,
 and swell and whiten in thy purer breeze,
 few paddles dip thy waters, and strange oars
 weather thy waves and touch thy noble shores.

Thy *noble* shores ! where the tall steeple shines,
 at midday, higher than thy mountain pines,
 Where the white schoolhouse with its daily drill
 of sunburnt children, smiles upon the hill,
 Where the neat village grows upon the eye
 peck'd forth in nature's sweet simplicity—
 Where hard-won competence, the farmer's wealth,
 gains merit, honour, and gives labour health,
 Where Goldsmith's self might send his exil'd band
 to find a new 'Sweet Auburn' in our land.

What Art can execute or Taste devise,
 becks thy fair course and gladdens in thine eyes—
 as broader sweep the bendings of thy stream,
 to meet the southern Sun's more constant beam.
 Where cities rise, and sea-wash'd commerce, hails
 thy shores and winds with all her flapping sails,

From Tropic isles, or from the torrid main—
 Where grows the grape, or sprouts the sugar-cane—
 Or from the haunts, where the strip'd haddock play,
 By each cold northern bank and frozen bay.
 Here safe return'd from every stormy sea,
 Waves the strip'd flag, the mantle of the free,
 —That star-lit flag, by all the breezes curl'd
 Of yon vast deep whose waters grasp the world.

In what Arcadian, what Utopian ground
 Are warmer hearts or manlier feelings found,
 More hospitable welcome, or more zeal
 To make the curious 'tarrying' stranger feel
 That, next to home, here best may he abide,
 To rest and cheer him by the chimney-side ;
 Drink the hale Farmer's cider, as he hears
 From the grey dame the tales of other years.
 Cracking his shagbarks, as the aged crone,
 Mixing the true and doubtful into one,
 Tells how the Indian scalp'd the helpless child
 And bore its shrieking mother to the wild,
 Butcher'd the father hastening to his home,
 Seeking his cottage—finding but his tomb.
 How drums and flags and troops were seen on high,
 Wheeling and charging in the northern sky,
 And that she knew what these wild tokens meant,

When to the Old French War her husband went.
 How, by the thunder-blasted tree, was hid
 The golden spoils of far fam'd Robert Kidd ;
 And then the chubby grand-child wants to know
 About the ghosts and witches long ago,
 That haunted the old swamp.

The clock strikes ten—

The prayer is said, nor unforgotten then
 The stranger in their gates. A decent rule
 Of Elders in thy puritanic school.

When the fresh morning wakes him from his dream,
 And daylight smiles on rock, and slope and stream,
 Are there not glossy curls and sunny eyes,
 As brightly lit and bluer than thy skies,
 Voices as gentle as an echoed call,
 And sweeter than the soften'd waterfall
 That smiles and dimples in its whispering spray,
 Leaping in sportive innocence away :—
 And lovely forms, as graceful and as gay
 As wild-brier, budding in an April day ;
 —How like the leaves—the fragrant leaves it bears,
 Their sinless purposes and simple cares.

Stream of my sleeping Fathers ! when the sound
 Of coming war echo'd thy hills around,

How did thy sons start forth from every glade,
 Snatching the musket where they left the spade.
 How did their mothers urge them to the fight,
 Their sisters tell them to defend the right,—
 How bravely did they stand, how nobly fall,
 The earth their coffin and the turf their pall.
 How did the aged pastor light his eye,
 When, to his flock, he read the purpose high
 And stern resolve, whate'er the toil may be,
 To pledge life, name, fame, all—for Liberty.
 —Cold is the hand that penn'd that glorious page—
 Still in the grave the body of that sage
 Whose lip of eloquence and heart of zeal,
 Made Patriots act and listening Statesmen feel—
 Brought thy Green Mountains down upon their foes,
 And thy white summits melted of their snows,
 While every vale to which his voice could come,
 Rang with the fife and echo'd to the drum.

Bold River! better suited are thy waves
 To nurse the laurels clust'ring round their graves,
 Than many a distant stream, that soaks the mud,
 Where thy brave sons have shed their gallant blood,
 And felt, beyond all other mortal pain,
 They ne'er should see their happy home again.

Thou had'st a poet once,—and he could tell,
 Most tunefully, whate'er to thee befell,
 Could fill each pastoral reed upon thy shore—
 —But we shall hear his classic lays no more !
 He lov'd thee, but he took his aged way,
 By Erie's shore, and Perry's glorious day,
 To where Detroit looks out amidst the wood,
 Remote beside the dreary solitude.

Yet for his brow thy ivy leaf shall spread,
 Thy freshest myrtle lift its berried head,
 And our gnarl'd Charter oak put forth a bough,
 Whose leaves shall grace thy TRUMBULL's honor'd brow.

THE MONEY DIGGERS.*

Thus saith The Book—‘Permit no witch to live ;’
Hence, Massachusetts hath expell’d the race,
Connecticut, where swap and dicker thrive,
Allow’d not to their foot a resting place.
With more of hardihood and less of grace,
Vermont receives the sisters grey and lean,
Allows each witch her airy broomstick race,
O’er mighty rocks and mountains dark with green,
Where tempests wake their voice, and torrents roar between.

* It is a fact that two men from Vermont, are now, (July 11th, 1827,) working by the side of one of the wharves in New-London, for buried money, by the advice and recommendation of an old woman of that state, who assured them that she could distinctly see a box of dollars packed edge-wise. The locality was pointed out to an inch, and her only way of discovering the treasure was by looking through a stone, which to ordinary optics was hardly translucent. For the story of the Spanish Galleon that left so much bullion in and about New-London, see Trumbull’s History of Connecticut, and for Kidd, inquire of the oldest lady you can find.

And one there was among that wicked crew
 To whom the enemy a pebble gave,
 Through which, at long-off distance, she might view
 All treasures of the fathomable wave,
 And where the Thames' bright billows gently lave,
 The grass-grown piles that flank the ruin'd wharf,
 She sent *them* forth, those two adventurers brave,
 Where greasy citizens their bev'rage quaff,
 Jeering at enterprize—aye ready with a laugh.

They came—those straight-hair'd honest meaning
 men,
 Nor question ask'd they, nor reply did make,
 Albeit their locks were lifted like as when
 Young Hamlet saw his father. And the shake
 Of knocking knees and jaws that seem'd to break,
 Told a wild tale of undertaking bold,
 While as the oyster-tongs the chiefs did take
 Dim grew the sight, and every blood drop cold,
 As knights in scarce romant sung by the bards of old.

For not in daylight were their rites perform'd,
 When night-cap'd heads were on their pillow laid,
 Sleep-freed from biting care, by thought unharm'd,
 Snoring e'er word was spoke, or prayer was said—
 'Twas then the mattock and the busy spade,
 The pump, the bucket and the windlass rope,

In busy silence plied the mystic trade,
 While resolution, beckon'd on by hope,
 Did sweat and agonize the sought for chest to ope.

Beneath the wave, the iron chest is hot,
 Deep growls are heard and read'ning eyes are seen,
 Yet of the Black Dog she had told them not,
 Nor of the grey wild geese with eyes of green,
 That scream'd and yell'd and hover'd close between
 The buried gold and the rapacious hand.
 Here should she be, tho' mountains intervene,
 To scatter, with her crook'd witch-hazle wand,
 The wave-born sprites that keep their treasure from
 the land.

She cannot, may not come, the rotten wharf
 Of mould'ring planks and rusty spikes is there,
 And he who own'd a quarter or an half
 Is disappointed, and the witch is—where?
 Vermont still harbors her—go seek her there
 The Grand dame of Joe Strickland—find her nest,
 Where summer icicles and snow balls are,
 Where black swans paddle and where Petrels rest,
 Symmes be your trusty guide and Robert Kidd your
 guest.

THE SMACK RACE.

Are they not beautiful ! how light they float,
How gracefully they sit upon the wave !
The water buoys no surer, fleetier boat,
None that will Ocean's danger better brave.
Forget not too, that sea-wash'd barrens gave
A hardy race to man each brace and line,
Warm hearted and hard handed—all they crave
Is but to seek and search the boist'rous brine
Where Winters have no sun, and north lights dimly shine.

Thames ! on thy smiling harbour now
How dips and bends each lively bow,
As pleas'd to wanton there.
And need they longer there to ride ?
The time is come and fair the tide,
The wind is fresh and fair.

Away ! the peak is trimly set,
The jib with schoot-horn duly wet,
The trembling helm is true,
One glass of grog, one signal gun,
Three cheers for luck and one for fun,
Which is the happier crew ?

Over the broad, the blue, the clear,
 The noble harbour, on they steer
 By every well known spot.
 In sailor's heart, in seabird's cry,
 In pilot's thought, in poet's eye,
 When are such scenes forgot.

I love them, for the porpoise plays
 In all their bleach'd and pebbly bays
 And every haunt explores.—
 I love them, that the hardy breeze
 Sweeps daily from the healthful seas
 Blessing the happy shores.

* * * * *

Now tauter brace the labouring boom,
 Bring the lee gunwale to the foam
 And haul the bonnet flat.
They have the freshest of the breeze—
They have the widest of the seas—
 “ We'll beat 'em for all that.”

See ! the wild wind bears down the peak,
 And shews its shear the gaboard streak,
 Loose is the leeward shroud,
 The helm a-weather, bears her round
 That hard-sought, hard gain'd racing ground
 So elegantly proud.

And now, good luck my honest hearts,
 Vell do you bear your dangerous parts
 And well I wish you all.
 little know your terms of skill,
 But you shall have my right good will,
 Whatever chance befall.

Good wives on shore, good winds at sea,
 Fishing enough where'er you be,
 And very many bites,
 Plenty of fish and children too,
 Days well employed and not a few,
 Of quiet happy nights.

New-London, Sept. 26, 1827.

‘ Dos pou sto, kai ton kosmon kineso.’

I sing the Foot. Let every Muse's wing
 Arrange its quills and fan the classic lay—
 For Phœbus had a foot—and Venus blest,
 Had more than that, a foot and ancle too.
 Neptune, as Homer sung, could cause the shades,
 And woods, and mountains tremble with his step.
 Immortal was his foot-fall. Juno bright,
 Stamp'd, when she scolded forth in Jove's own court.

'Twas Hebe's foot that bore the nectar round,
 And Jupiter's great toe that Mulliber
 Leap'd from to Lemnos.—But enough of all
 This heathen lore—this pantheon exercise.

What when the drum beats, and the panting ranks
 Are joining, closing, moving on the foe—
 When the deep whisper speeds along the line,
 And all must 'do or die'—what onward moves
 The heart-pulse and the nerve, the ready hand,
 The eye determin'd, and the kindling soul!
 What urges up the bayonet—what mounts
 The desperate height, the ladder and the breach,
 And tramples on the rended blood-stain'd flag?

What firmest paces on the rampart walk,
 Or softest trips it to a lady's bower,
 Or lightest sports it in the fairy dance,
 Or what, on provocation, first applies
 Its energies to kick a scamp down stairs?

O swift Achilles of the tender heel—
 O well shod Grecians of the classic boots—
 O Infantry of poets, to whose feet
 Nor boot, nor shoe, nor stocking e'er belong'd,
 O Cinderilla of the vitreous sock—
 O Giant killing Jack with seven leagued strides,
 Assist me to immortalize the foot.

FORT GRISWOLD, SEPT. 6, 1781.

What seek ye here—ye desperate band ?

Why on this rough and rocky land,

With sly and muffled oar ?

Why in this red and bright array

Stealing along the fisher's bay,

Pull ye your boats to shore ?

Day broke upon that gentlest Sound

Sequestered, that the sea has found

In its adventurous roam,

A halcyon surface—pure and deep,

And placid as an Infant's sleep

Cradled and rock'd at home.

What wakes the sleeper ? Harm is near—

That strange rough whisper in his ear,

It is a murderer's breath ;

A thousand bayonets are bright

Beneath the blessed morning's light,

Moving to blood and death.

Land ye and march—but bid farewell
To this lone Sound, its coming swell

May moan when none can save ;
Many shall go and few return,
That rock shall be your only urn,
That sand your only grave.

Across the river's placid tide,
With steady stroke is seen to glide

A little vent'rous boat :
'Twas like the cloud Elijah saw,
Small as his hand, yet soon to draw
Its quiver'd lightnings out.

'Twas like that cloud, for in it went
A heart to spend and to be spent

Till the last drop was shed ;
'Twas like that cloud, it had a hand
That o'er its lov'd, its native land
A shadow broad has spread.

Ledyard ! thy morning thought was brave,
To fight, to conquer, and to save,

Or fearlessly to die ;
Well did'st thou hold that feeling true—
Did'st well that purpose bold pursue,
'Till death closed down thine eye.

I dare not tell in these poor rhymes
That bloody tale of butchering times—

'Tis too well known to all ;

I write not of the foeman's path,

I write not of the battle's wrath,

But of the Hero's fall.

He sleeps where many brave men sleep,
Near Groton heights ; and nibbling sheep

Their grassy graves have found ;

But some, they are a few, are laid

Beneath a little swarded glade

On Fisher's Island sound.

The Sound is peaceful now, as when

It saw that arm'd array of men ;

And one old fisher there

Gave me this tale—'twas he who told

The rough, the headlong and the bold

How their rash fight should fare.

He too is dead, and most are dead

Who stood or fell, who fought or fled

On that September day.

Old man ! thy bones are gently laid

Close by yon shatter'd oak trees shade,

Beside the fisher's bay.

I KNOW A BROOK.

I know a brook that winds its way along
A dull and stony margin—dwarfish trees
And barren vegetation mark its course.
The stern—bold grandeur of the granite rock
Frowns not upon it—and the smooth, green lawn
Slopes not to meet it. There is nothing there
To notice but one pure and limpid spring
That oozes from the rock and from the moss.
There all that flourishes, of bright and green
Is cluster'd there, the freshest of the grass
Laves in the welling rill. No man would think
In such a cold and barren spot, to find
Any thing sweet, or pure, or beautiful ;
But yet I say, it is the loveliest gush
—'Tis so sequestered, and so arbour'd o'er
With nature's wildness in its summer glow—
The loveliest gush that ever spouted out
Upon my wandering path. Through mud and mire,
O'er many a bramble, many a jagged shoot
I stumbled, ere I found it. There I placed
A frail memorial—that, when again
I should revisit it, the thought might come

Of the dull *tide of life*, and that pure spring
Which he who drinks of never shall thirst more.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.*

A mother stood by the pebbled shore,
In her hand she held a bowl—
“Now I’ll drink a draught of the salted seas
That broadly to me roll!—
On them I have an only son,
Can he forget me quite?
O! if his week away has run,
He’ll think of me this night;
And may he never on the track
Of ocean in its foam,
Fail to look gladly—kindly back
To those he left at home.
I pledge him in the ocean brine,
Let him pledge me in ruddy wine.”

* It is well known that naval officers as well as their seamen, appropriate Saturday night at sea, to the subject of their “*domestic relations*” over a glass of wine or of grog as the case may be. It may not be so notorious that their female friends drink salt water in celebration of this nautical vigil.

A sister stood where the breakers fall
 In thunders, on the beach,
 And out were stretch'd her eager arms,
 For one she could not reach.
 "I'll dip my hand, my foot, my lip,
 Into the foaming white,
 For sure as this sand the sea doth sip
 He'll think of me this night.
 And may he never on the deck
 Or on the giddy mast,
 In gale or battle, storm or wreck,
 Forget the happy past.
 I pledge him in the ocean brine,
 Let him pledge me in ruddy wine."

A wife went down to the water's brink,
 And thither a goblet brought :
 "Here will I drink and here I'll think
 As once we two have thought.
 We've romp'd by rock, and wood, and shore,
 When moon and stars were bright,
 And he, where'er the tempests roar,
 Will think on me this night.
 And may he ever, ever meet
 With a friend as true and kind,
 But not to night shall he forget
 The wife he left behind.

I sip for him the ocean brine,
He'll quaff for me the ruddy wine."

A maid came down with a hasty foot—

"My lover is far at sea,

But I'll fill my cup, and I'll drink it out

To him who deserted me.

Nor mother, nor sister, nor wife am I,

His careless heart is light—

And he will neither weep, nor sigh,

Nor think of me this night—

He will, HE WILL, a Sailor's heart

Is true as it is brave,

From home and love 'twill no more part

Than the keel will quit the wave.

I pledge thee Love in ocean's brine,

Pledge gaily back in ruddy wine."

ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD TOWNSMAN.

Attempted for the music of Rosseau's Dream.

Young he left thee—poor he left thee,

Sad he left thee, Emerald Isle—

When oppression's cloud bereft thee

Of thy last and saddest smile.

Here he came, but Ireland ever
 Warm'd his heart and fill'd his thought—
 Wandering son of Erin never
 Sought his hearth and found it not.

Fast by Liffey's lovely borders,
 Broad of wave and darkly deep,
 Fast by Leixlip's leaping waters,
 Parents, friends and kindred sleep.

Here he dwelt, and all around him
 Blest his warm and honest heart—
 Here he died as first we found him,
 Free from guile and void of art.

Touch'd but now with death's cold finger,
 Here he walks with us no more—
 But if spirits ever linger,
 His will haunt the Liffey shore.

New-London, Aug. 15.

THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

Labitur et labetur.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God pour'd thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thy awful front ;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters ;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime ?
Oh ! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side !
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar !

And yet bold babbler, what art thou to Him,
 Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far
 Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
 That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

My head is grey, but not with years.

An April Snow!—'tis as the head of youth
 Just freshning in the spring-time of its hopes,
 And glancing to the sunbeam the bright eye,
 And pouting, to the first rose its rich lip,
 Or turning to the morning's blush its cheek,
 And to the morning's music its young ear—
 Dimpling its chin, as April's rain drop falls
 On the brook's eddy,—'tis as if such head
 Of smile, and bloom, and dimple, were adorn'd
 With the white locks of age, that venerably
 Spread monitorial sadness—premature ;
 Weaving the bleach'd and silvery threads of time,
 On the bright texture of a glad boy's eye-lash.

So move we on. I've seen the eye of age
 Bright to the last as that of Moses was,—
 I've mark'd the foot-falls of a man, whose years
 Were more than eighty—firm and active too.

Who has not seen the young lid close in pain,
 The young knee tremble, and the young heart sink,
 And age, old age, encourage and support,
 Even as the tree stands, when the buds are nip't,
 Tenacious 'till they *would* fall off—and then
 Bearing the loss!—I've wander'd from the theme,
 Why should I not. “My heart is in the coffin,”
 Long shall I “pause 'till it come back to me.”

TO THE MOON.

“O, THOU.”—*Claud Halèro.* c/

Bless thy bright face! though often bless'd before
 By raving maniac and by pensive fool;
 One would say something more—but who as yet,
 When looking at thee in the deep blue sky,
 Could tell the poorest thought that struck his heart?
 Yet all have tried, and all have tried in vain.
 At thee, poor planet, is the first attempt
 That the young rhymster ventures. And the sigh
 The boyish lover heaves, is at the Moon.
 Bards, who—ere Milton sung or Shakspeare play'd
 The dirge of sorrow, or the song of love,
 Bards, who had higher soar'd than Fesole,

Knew better of the Moon. 'Twas there they found
Vain thoughts, lost hopes, and fancy's happy dreams,
And all sweet sounds, such as have fled afar
From waking discords, and from day light jars.
There Ariosto puts the widow's weeds
When she, new wedded, smiles abroad again,
And there the sad maid's innocence—'tis there
That broken vows and empty promises,
All good intentions, with no answering deed
To anchor them on the substantial earth,
Are shrewdly pack'd—And could he think that thou,
So bright, so pure of aspect, so serene,
Art the mere storehouse of our faults and crimes?
I'd rather think as puling rhymsters think,
Or love-sick maidens fancy—Yea, prefer
The dairy notion, that thou art but cheese,
Green cheese—than thus misdoubt thy honest face.

ON THE DEATH OF
COMMODORE OLIVER H. PERRY.

By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.

How sad the note of that funereal drum,
That's muffled by indifference to the dead !
And how reluctantly the echoes come,
On air that sighs not o'er that stranger's bed,
Who sleeps with death alone. O'er his young head
His native breezes never more shall sigh ;
On his lone grave the careless step shall tread,
And pestilential vapours soon shall dry
Each shrub that buds around—each flow'r that blushes
nigh.

Let Genius, poising on her full-fledg'd wing,
Fill the charm'd air with thy deserved praise :
Of war, and blood, and carnage let her sing,
Of victory and glory !—let her gaze
On the dark smoke that shrouds the cannon's blaze,

On the red foam that crests the bloody billow ;
 Then mourn the sad close of thy shorten'd days—
 Place on thy country's brow the weeping willow,
 And plant the laurels thick around thy last cold pillow.

No sparks of Grecian fire to me belong :
 Alike uncouth the poet and the lay ;
 Unskill'd to turn the mighty tide of song,
 He floats along the current as he may,
 The humble tribute of a tear to pay.
 Another hand may choose another theme,
 May sing of Nelson's last and brightest day,
 Of Wolfe's unequall'd and unrivall'd fame,
 The wave of Trafalgar—the field of Abraham :

But if the wild winds of thy western lake
 Might teach a harp that fain would mourn the brave,
 And sweep those strings the minstrel may not wake,
 Or give an echo from some secret cave
 That opens on romantic Erie's wave,
 The feeble cord would not be swept in vain ;
 And tho' the sound might never reach thy grave,
 Yet there are spirits here, that to the strain
 Would send a still small voice responsive back again.

And though the yellow plague infect the air ;
 Though noxious vapours blight the turf, where rest

The manly form, and the bold heart of war ;
 Yet should that deadly isle afar be blest !
 For the fresh breezes of thy native west
 Should seek and sigh around thy early tomb,
 Moist with the tears of those who lov'd thee best,
 Scented with sighs of love—there grief should come,
 And mem'ry guard thy grave, and mourn thy hapless
 doom.

It may not be. Too feeble is the hand,
 Too weak and frail the harp, the lay too brief,
 To speak the sorrows of a mourning land,
 Weeping in silence for her youthful chief.
 Yet may an artless tear proclaim more grief
 Than mock affection's arts can ever show ;
 A heartfelt sigh can give a sad relief,
 Which all the sobs of counterfeited wo,
 Trick'd off in foreign garb, can never hope to know.

EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,
 Ting'd with the rising sun ;
And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one :
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It mov'd so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents,
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
 In peace each other greeting :
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
 Till life's last pulse shall beat ;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
 Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace.

THE SHAD SPIRIT.

There is a superstition in many places, which bears, that Shad are conducted from the gulf of Mexico into Connecticut river by a kind of *Yankee bogle*, in the shape of a bird, properly called the SHAD SPIRIT. It makes its appearance, annually, about a week before the Shad, calls the fish, and gives warning to the fishermen to mend their nets. It is supposed, that without his assistance, the nets would be swept to no purpose, and the fisherman would labour in vain.

Now drop the bolt, and securely nail

The horse-shoe over the door ;

'Tis a wise precaution, and if it should fail,

It never fail'd before.

Know ye the shepherd that gathers his flock,

Where the gales of the Equinox blow,

From each unknown reef, and sunken rock,

In the gulf of Mexico ;

While the Monsoons growl, and the trade-winds bark,

And the watch-dogs of the surge

Pursue through the wild waves the ravenous shark,

That prowls around their charge ?

To fair Connecticut's northernmost source,
 O'er sand-bars, rapids, and falls,
 The Shad Spirit holds his onward course,
 With the flocks which his whistle calls.

O how shall he know where he went before ?
 Will he wander around for ever ?
 The last year's shad-heads shall shine on the shore,
 To light him up the river.

And well can he tell the very time
 To undertake his task—
 When the pork barrel's low, he sits on the chine,
 And drums on the empty cider cask.

The wind is light, and the wave is white,
 With the fleece of the flock that's near ;
 Like the breath of the breeze, he comes over the seas,
 And faithfully leads them here.

And now he's passed the bolted door,
 Where the rusted horse-shoe clings ;
 So carry the nets to the nearest shore,
 And take what the Shad Spirit brings.

ON THE
BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

Written for February 22d, 1822.

“Hic cinis—ubique fama.”

Behold the moss'd corner-stone dropp'd from the wall,
And gaze on its date, but remember its fall,
And hope that some hand may replace it ;
Think not of its pride when with pomp it was laid,
But weep for the ruin its absence has made,
And the lapse of the years that efface it.

Mourn WASHINGTON's death, when ye think of his birth,
And far from your thoughts be the lightness of mirth,
And far from your cheek be its smile.
To-day he was born—'twas a loan—not a gift :
The dust of his body is all that is left,
To hallow his funeral pile.

Flow gently, Potomac ! thou washest away
 The sands where he trod, and the turf where he lay,
 When youth brush'd his cheek with her wing ;
 Breathe softly, ye wild winds, that circle around
 That dearest, and purest, and holiest ground,
 Ever press'd by the footprints of Spring.

Each breeze be a sigh, and each dewdrop a tear,
 Each wave be a whispering monitor near,
 To remind the sad shore of his story ;
 And darker, and softer, and sadder the gloom
 Of that evergreen mourner that bends o'er the tomb,
 Where WASHINGTON sleeps in his glory.

Great God ! when the spirit of freedom shall fail,
 And the sons of the pilgrims, in sorrow, bewail
 Their religion and liberty gone ;
 Oh ! send back a form that shall stand as *he* stood,
 Unsubdu'd by the tempest, unmov'd by the flood ;
 And to THEE be the glory alone.

SPRING.

TO MISS

Other poets may muse on thy beauties, and sing
Of thy birds, and thy flowers, and thy perfumes, sweet
Spring !

They may wander enraptur'd by hills and by mountains,

Or pensively pore by thy fresh gushing fountains ;
Or sleep in the moonlight by favourite streams,
Inspir'd by the whispering sylphs in their dreams,
And awake from their slumbers to hail the bright sun,
When shining in dew the fresh morning comes on.

But I've wet shoes and stockings, a cold in my throat,
The head-ache, and tooth-ache, and quinsy to boot ;
No dew from the cups of the flow'rets I sip,—
'Tis nothing but *boneset* that moistens my lip
Not a cress from the spring or the brook can be had :
At morn, noon, and night, I get nothing but shad ;
My whispering sylph is a broad-shoulder'd lass,
And my bright sun—a warming pan made out of brass !

Then be *thou* my genius ; for what can I do,
 When I cannot see *nature*, but copy from *you* ?
 If Spring be the season of beauty and youth,
 Of health and of loveliness, kindness and truth ;
 Of all that's inspiring, and all that is bright,
 And all that is what we call *just about right*—
 Why need I expose my sick muse to the weather,
 When by going to you she would find all together ?

ON A LATE LOSS.*

“ He shall not float upon his watery bier
 “ Unwept.”

The breath of air that stirs the harp's soft string,
 Floats on to join the whirlwind and the storm ;
 The drops of dew exhaled from flowers of spring,
 Rise and assume the tempest's threatening form ;
 The first mild beam of morning's glorious sun,
 Ere night, is sporting in the lightning's flash ;
 And the smooth stream, that flows in quiet on,
 Moves but to aid the overwhelming dash

*The loss of Professor FISHER, in the Albion.

That wave and wind can muster, when the might
Of earth, and air, and sea, and sky unite.

So science whisper'd in thy charmed ear,
And radiant learning beckon'd thee away.
The breeze was music to thee. and the clear
Beam of thy morning promis'd a bright day.
And they have wreck'd thee !—But there is a shore
Where storms are hush'd, where tempests never rage ;
Where angry skies and blackening seas, no more
With gusty strength their roaring warfare wage.
By thee its peaceful margent shall be trod—
Thy home is Heaven, and thy friend is God.

On Thursday, the 21st of February, 1823, in the middle of the day, as the mail stage from Hartford to New-Haven, with three passengers, was crossing the bridge at the foot of the hill near Durham, the bridge was carried away by the ice, and the stage was precipitated down a chasm of twenty feet. Two of the passengers were drowned: one of them had been long from home, and was on his way to see his friends. This occurrence is mentioned as explanatory of the following lines.

“How slow we drive ! but yet the hour will come,
When friends shall greet me with affection's kiss ;

When, seated at my boyhood's happy home,
 I shall enjoy a mild, contented bliss,
 Not often met with in a world like this !
 'Then I shall see that brother, youngest born,
 I used to play with in my sportiveness ;
 And, from a mother's holiest look, shall learn
 A parent's thanks to God, for a lov'd son's return.

"And there is one, who, with a downcast eye,
 Will be the last to welcome me ; but yet
 My memory tells me of a parting sigh,
 And of a lid with tears of sorrow wet,
 And how she bade me never to forget
 A friend—and blush'd. Oh ! I shall see again
 The same kind look I saw, when last we met,
 And parted. Tell me *then* that life is vain—
 That joy, if met with once, is seldom met again."

* * * * *

* * * See ye not the falling, fallen mass ?
 Hark ! hear ye not the drowning swimmer's cry ?
 Look on the ruins of the desperate pass !
 Gaze at the hurried ice that rushes by,
 Bearing a freight of wo and agony,
 To that last haven where we all must go.—
 Resistless as the stormy clouds that fly

Above our reach, is that dark stream below !—
 May peace be in its ebb—there's ruin in its flow.

THE REV. LEVI PARSONS, who was associated with the Rev. Pliny Fisk, on the Palestine mission, died at Alexandria, Feb. 18th, 1822.

GREEN as Machpelah's honour'd field
 Where Jacob and where Leah lie,
 Where Sharon's shrubs their roses yield,
 And Carmel's branches wave on high ;
 So honour'd, so adorn'd, so green,
 Young martyr ! shall thy grave be seen.

Oh ! how unlike the bloody bed,
 Where pride and passion seek to lie ;
 Where faith is not, where hope can shed
 No tear of holy sympathy.
 There withering thoughts shall drop around,
 In dampness on the lonely mound.

* * * * *

On Jordan's weeping willow trees,
 Another holy harp is hung :
 It murmurs in as soft a breeze,

As e'er from Gilead's balm was flung,
 When Judah's tears, in Babel's stream
 Dropp'd, and when "Zion was their theme."

So may the harp of Gabriel sound
 In the high heaven, to welcome thee,
 When, rising from the holy ground
 Of Nazareth and Galilee,
 The Saints of God shall take their flight,
 In rapture, to the realms of light.

THE project for colonizing in Africa the "free people of colour,"
 was the subject of these lines.

"Magna componere parvis."

All sights are fair to the recover'd blind—
 All sounds are music to the deaf restor'd—
 The lame, made whole, leaps like the sporting hind;
 And the sad bow'd down sinner, with his load
 Of shame and sorrow, when he cuts the cord,
 And drops the pack it bound, is free again
 In the light yoke and burden of his Lord.

Thus, with the birthright of his fellow man,
Sees, hears and feels at once the righted African.

'Tis somewhat like the burst from death to life ;
From the grave's ceremonies to the robes of Heaven ;
From sin's dominion, and from passion's strife,
To the pure freedom of a soul forgiven !
When all the bonds of death and hell are riven,
And mortals put on immortality ;
When fear, and care, and grief away are driven,
And Mercy's hand has turned the golden key,
And Mercy's voice has said, "Rejoice—thy soul is free !"

TO THE

MARQUIS LA FAYETTE.

The only surviving General of the Revolution.

We'll search the earth, and search the sea,
To cull a gallant wreath for thee ;
And every field for freedom fought,
And every mountain height, where aught
Of liberty can yet be found,
Shall be our blooming harvest ground.

Laurels in garlands hang upon
 Thermopylæ and Marathon—
 On Bannockburn the thistle grows—
 On Runny Mead the wild rose blows ;
 And on the banks of Boyne, its leaves
 Green Erin's shamrock wildly weaves.
 In France, in sunny France, we'll get
 The fleur-de-lys and mignonette,
 From every consecrated spot
 Where lies a martyr'd Hugonot ;
 And cull, even here from many a field,
 And many a rocky height,
 Bays that our vales and mountains yield,
 Where men have met, to fight
 For law, and liberty and life,
 And died in freedom's holy strife.

Below Atlantic seas—below
 The waves of Erie and Champlain,
 The sea grass and the corals grow
 In rostral trophies round the slain ;
 And we can add, to form thy crown,
 Some branches worthy *thy* renown !
 Long may the chaplet flourish bright,
 And borrow from the Heavens its light,
 As with a cloud, that circles round

A star when other stars have set,
 With glory shall thy brow be bound;
 With glory shall thy head be crown'd;
 With glory, starlike, cinctur'd yet;
 For earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
 Shall yield a glorious wreath to thee.

MANIAC'S SONG.

I can but smile when others weep,
 I can but weep when others smile;
 Oh! let me in this bosom keep
 The secret of my heart awhile.

My form was fair, my step was light,
 As ever tripped the dance along;
 My cheek was smooth, my eye was bright—
 But my thought was wild, and my heart was
 young.

And he I lov'd would laugh with glee,
 And every heart but mine was glad;
 He had a smile for all but me;
 Oh! he was gay, and I was sad!

Now I have lost my blooming health,
And joy and hope no more abide;
And wildering fancies come by stealth,
Like moonlight on a shifting tide.

They say he wept, when he was told
That I was sad and sorrowful—
That on my wrist the chain was cold—
That at my heart the blood was dull.

They fear I'm craz'd—they need not fear,
For smiles are false and tears are true;
I better love to see a tear,
Than all the smiles I ever knew.

TO THE MEMORY OF
CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

We seek not mossy bank, or whispering stream,
Or pensive shade, in twilight softness deck'd,
Or dewy canopy of flowers, or beam
Of autumn's sun, by various foliage check'd.

Our sweetest river, and our loveliest glen,
Our softest waterfalls, just heard afar,
Our sunniest slope, or greenest hillock, when
It takes its last look at the evening star,

May suit some softer soul. But thou wert fit
To tread our mighty mountains, and to mark,
In untrack'd woods, the eagle's pinions flit
O'er roaring cataracts and chasms dark :

To talk and walk with *Nature*, in her wild
Attire, her boldest form, her sternest mood ;
To be her own enthusiastic child,
And seek her in her awful solitude.

There, when through stormy clouds, the struggling
moon

On some wolf-haunted rock shone cold and clear,
Thou could'st commune, inspir'd by *her* alone,
With all her works of wonder and of fear.

Now thou art gone, and who thy walks among,
Shall rove, and meditate and muse on thee ?
No whining rhymster with his schoolboy song,
May wake thee with his muling minstrelsy.

Some western muse, if western muse there be,
When the rough wind in clouds has swath'd her
form,
Shall boldly wind her wintry form for thee,
And tune her gusty music to the storm.

The cavern's echoes, and the forest's voice,
Shall chime in concord to the waking tone ;
And winds and waters, with perpetual noise,
For thee shall make their melancholy moan.

LOBD EXMOUTH'S VICTORY

AT ALGIERS.—1816.

Arma virumque cano.

The sun look'd bright upon the morning tide :
Light play'd the breeze along the whispering shore,
And the blue billow arch'd its head of pride,
As 'gainst the rock its frothy front it bore ;
The clear bright dew fled hastily before
The morning's sun, and glitter'd in his rays ;
Aloft the early lark was seen to soar,
And cheerful nature glorified the ways
Of God, and mutely sang her joyous notes of praise.

The freshening breeze, the sporting wave,
Their own impartial greeting gave
To Christian and to Turk ;
But both prepared to break the charm
Of peace, with war's confused alarm—
And ready each, for combat warm,
Commenc'd the bloody work.

For England's might was on the seas,
 With red cross flapping in the breeze,
 And streamer floating light ;
 While the pale crescent, soon to set,
 Waved high on tower and minaret,
 And all the pride of Mahomet
 Stood ready for the fight.

Then swell'd the noise of battle high ;
 The warrior's shout, the coward's cry,
 Rung round the spacious bay.
 Fierce was the strife, and ne'er before
 Had old Numidia's rocky shore
 Been deafen'd with such hideous roar,
 As on that bloody day.

It seem'd as if that earth-born brood,
 Which, poets say, once warr'd on God,
 Had risen from the sea ;—
 As if again they boldly strove
 To seize the thunderbolts of Jove,
 And o'er Olympian powers to prove
 Their own supremacy.

What though the sun has sunk to rest ?
 What though the clouds of smoke invest
 The capes of Matisou ?—

Still by the flash each sees his foe,
 And, dealing round him death and wo,
 With shot for shot, and blow for blow,
 Fights—to his country true.

Each twinkling star look'd down to see
 The pomp of England's chivalry,
 The pride of Britain's crown !
 While ancient Ætna rais'd his head,
 Disgorging from his unknown bed
 A fire, that round each hero shed
 A halo of renown.

The dying sailor cheer'd his crew,
 While thick around the death-shot flew ;
 And glad was he to see
 Old England's flag still streaming high,—
 Her cannon speaking to the sky,
 And telling all the pow'rs on high,
 Of Exmouth's victory !

The crescent wanes—the Turkish might
 Is vanquish'd in the bloody fight,
 The Pirate's race is run ;—
 Thy shouts are hush'd, and all is still
 On tow'r, and battlement, and hill,
 No loud command—no answer shrill—
 Algiers ! thy day is done !

The slumb'ring tempest swell'd its breath,
And sweeping o'er the field of death,
 And o'er the waves of gore,
Above the martial trumpet's tone,
Above the wounded soldier's moan,
Above the dying sailor's groan,
 Rais'd its terrific roar.

Speed swift, ye gales, and bear along
This burden for the poet's song,
 O'er continent and sea :
Tell to the world that Britain's hand
Chastis'd the misbelieving band,
And overcame the Paynim land
 In glorious victory.

WRITTEN

FOR A

LADY'S COMMON PLACE BOOK.

Ah! who can imagine what plague and what bothers
He feels, who sits down to write verses for others!
His pen must be mended, his inkstand be ready,
His paper laid square, and his intellects steady;
And then for a subject—No, that's not the way,
For genuine poets don't care *what* they say,
But *how* they shall say it. So now for a measure,
That's suited alike to your taste and my leisure.
For instance, if you were a matron of eighty,
The verse should be dignified, solemn, and weighty;
And luckless the scribbler who had not the tact,
To make every line a sheer matter of fact.
Or if you were a stiff, worn-out spinster, too gouty
To make a good sylph, and too sour for a beauty;
Too old for a flirt, and too young to confess it;
Too good to complain of't, and too bad to bless it;
The muse should turn out some unblameable sonnet,
And mutter blank verse in her comments upon it;

Demure in her walk, should look down to her shoe,
And pick the dry pathway, for fear of the dew.

But for *you*, she shall trip it, wherever she goes,
As light and fantastic as L'Allegro's toes ;
Wade, swim, fly, or scamper, flull-fledg'd and web-
footed,
Or on Pegasus mounted, well spurr'd and well booted,
With martingale fanciful, crupper poetic,
Saddle cloth airy and whip energetic,
Girths woven of rainbows, and hard twisted flax,
And horse shoes as bright as the edge of an axe ;
How blithe should she amble and prance on the road ;
With a pillion behind for ——— ———.

By Helicon's waters she'll take her sweet course,
And indent the green turf with the hoofs of her horse ;
Up blooming Parnassus bound higher and higher,
While the gate-keeping Graces no toll shall require ;
And the other eight Muses shall dance in cotillion,
And sing round the sweep of Apollo's pavillion—
While Phœbus himself, standing godlike on dry land,
Shall shine on the belle of the state of R**** I****.

TO MY FRIEND G——.

THE LOST PLEIAD.*

Oh! how calm and how beautiful—look at the night!
The planets are wheeling in pathways of light;
And the lover, or poet, with heart, or with eye,
Sends his gaze with a tear, or his soul with a sigh.

But from Fesole's summit the Tuscan look'd forth,
To eastward and westward, to south and to north;
Neither planet nor star could his vision delight,
'Till his own bright Pleiades should rise to his sight.

They rose, and he number'd their glistering train—
They shone bright as he counted them over again;
But the star of his love, the bright gem of the cluster,
Arose not to lend the Pleiades its lusture.

And thus when the splendour of *beauty* has blaz'd,
On light and on loveliness, how have we gaz'd!

* 'Tis said by the ancient poets, that there used to be one more
star in the constellation of the Pleiades.

And how sad have we turn'd from the sight, when we
found

That the fairest and sweetest was "*not on the ground.*"

THE CAPTAIN.

A FRAGMENT.*

Solemn he pac'd upon that schooner's deck,
And mutter'd of his hardships:—"I have been
Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide
Has dash'd me on the sawyer;—I have sail'd
In the thick night, along the wave-wash'd edge
Of ice, in acres, by the pitiless coast
Of Labrador; and I have scrap'd my keel
O'er coral rocks in Madagascar seas—
And often in my cold and midnight watch,
Have heard the warning voice of the lee shore

* The Bridgeport paper of March, 1823, said: "Arrived, schooner Fame, from Charleston, via New-London. While at anchor in that harbour, during the rain storm on Thursday evening last the Fame was run foul of by the wreck of the Methodist Meeting House from Norwich, which was carried away in the late freshet.

Speaking in breakers ! Ay, and I have seen
 The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my bows :
 And when they made the deep boil like a pot,
 Have swung into its vortex ; and I know
 To cord my vessel with a sailor's skill,
 And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart ;
 —But never yet upon the stormy wave,
 Or where the river mixes with the main,
 Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,
 In all my rough experience of harm,
 Met I—a Methodist meeting-house !

* * * * *

Cat-head, or beam, or davit has it none,
 Starboard nor larboard, gunwale, stem nor stern !
 It comes in such a “questionable shape,”
 I cannot even *speak* it ! Up jib, Josey,
 And make for Bridgeport ! There where Stratford
 Point,
 Long Beach, Fairweather Island, and the buoy,
 Are safe from such encounters, we'll *protest* !
 And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,
 That once a Charleston schooner was beset,
 Riding at anchor, by a Meeting-House.

The following lines refer to the good wishes which Elizabeth, in Mr. Cooper's novel of "The Pioneers," seems to have manifested, in the last chapter, for the welfare of "Leather Stocking," when he signified at the grave of the Indian, his determination to quit the settlements of men for the unexplored forests of the west; and when, whistling to his dogs, with his rifle on his shoulder, and his pack on his back, he left the village of Templeton.

Far away from the hill side, the lake and the hamlet,
The rock and the brook, and yon meadow so gay;
From the footpath that winds by the side of the stream-
let;

From his hut, and the grave of his friend, far away—
He is gone where the footsteps of men never ventur'd,
Where the glooms of the wide-tangled forest are cen-
ter'd,

Where no beam of the sun or the sweet moon has en-
ter'd,

No bloodhound has rous'd up the deer with his bay.

He has left the green alley for paths, where the bison

Roams through the prairies, or leaps o'er the flood;
Where the snake in the swamp sucks its deadliest poison,

And the cat of the mountains keeps watch for its
food,

But the leaf shall be greener, the sky shall be purer,
The eye shall be clearer, the rifle be surer,
And stronger the arm of the fearless endurer,
That trusts nought but Heaven in his way through the
wood.

Light be the heart of the poor lonely wanderer;
Firm be his step through each wearisome mile;
Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer;
Far from the track of the mean and the vile.
And when death, with the last of its terrors assails him,
And all but the last throb of memory fails him,
He'll think of the friend, far away, that bewails him,
And light up the cold touch of death with a smile.
And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and lusture;
There for his pall shall the oak leaves be spread;
The sweet briar shall bloom, and the wild grape shall
cluster;

And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed.
There shall they mix with the fern and the heather;
There shall the young eagle shed its first feather;
The wolves, with his wild dogs, shall lie there together,
And moan o'er the spot where the hunter is laid.

EXTRACTS

FROM VERSES WRITTEN FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1823.

When streams of light, in golden showers,
First fell on long lost Eden's bowers,
And music, from the shouting skies,
Wander'd to Eve's own Paradise,
She tun'd her eloquent thoughts to song,
And hymn'd her gratitude among
The waving groves, by goodness planted,
The holy walks by blessings haunted :
And when of bower and grove bereaved,
Since joy was gone, in song she grieved,
And taught her scattering sons the art,
In mirth or wo, to touch the heart.
Bear witness Jubal's ringing wire,
And untaught David's holier lyre ;
Let Judah's timbrel o'er the waters,
Sound to the song of Israel's daughters,
Let prophecy the strain prolong,
Prompting the watching shepherd's song,

And pressing to her eager lips,
 The trump of the Apocalypse.
 Bear witness pagan Homer's strain,
 That to each valley, hill, and plain,
 Of classic Greece—to all the isles
 That dimple in her climate's smiles—
 To all the streams that rush or flow
 To the rough Archipelago—
 To wood and rock, to brook and river,
 Gave names will live in song for ever.

The notes were rude that Druids sung
 Their venerable woods among;
 But later bards, enwrapt, could pore
 At noon upon their pastoral lore,
 And love the oak-crown'd shade, that yielded
 A blessing, on the spot it shielded.
 It shed a solemn calm around
 Their steps, who trod the Muse's ground;
 And wav'd o'er Shakspeare's summer dreams,
 By Avon's fancy-haunted streams.

Then Genius stamp'd her footprints free,
 Along the walks of Poetry;
 And cast a spell upon the spot,
 To save it from *the common lot*.

'Twas like the oily gloss that's seen
 Upon the shining evergreen,
 When desolate in wintry air,
 The trees and shrubs around are bare.

And when a New-Year's sun at last
 Lights back our thoughts upon the past ;
 When recollection brings each loss
 Our sad'ning memories across ;
 When Piety and Science mourn
 PARSONS and FISHER from them torn—
 Just as yon yellow plague has fled—
 While mindful mourners wail the dead,
 The great, the good, the fair, the brave,
 Seiz'd in the cold grasp of the grave ;
 When Murder's hand has died the flood
 With a young gallant hero's blood ;
 When cheeks are pale, and hearts distrest ;
 Is this a time for idle jest ?

The waves shall moan, the winds shall wail,
 Around thy rugged coast, Kinsale,
 For one who could mete out the seas,
 And turn to music every breeze—
 Track the directing star of night,
 And point the varying needle right.

Fair Palestine ! is there no sound
 That murmurs holy peace around
 His distant grave, whose ardent soul
 Fainted not till it reach'd thy goal,
 And bless'd the rugged path that led
 His steps where his Redeemer bled ?
 We may not breathe what angels sing—
 We may not wake a seraph's string ;
 Nor brush, with mortal steps, the dew
 That heavenly eyes have shed on you.

And who shall tell to listening Glory,
 Bending in grief her plumed head,
 While war-drops from her brow are shed,
 And her beating heart and pulses numb,
 Throb like the tuck of a muffled drum,

Her favourite ALLEN's story ?
 Oh ! other harps shall sing of him,
 And other eyes with tears be dim ;
 And gallant hopes that banish fears,
 And hands and hearts, as well as tears,
 Shall yet, before *all* eyes are dry,
 Do justice to his memory,
 And hew or light, with sword or flame,
 A pile of vengeance to his name.

Oh ! for those circumscribing seas,
 That hemm'd thy foes, Themistocles !
 When Xerxes saw his vanquish'd fleet,
 And routed army at his feet—
 And scowl'd o'er Salamis, to see
 His foes' triumphant victory !
 Oh ! for that more than mortal stand,
 Where, marshalling his gallant band,
 Leonidas, at freedom's post,
 Gave battle to a tyrant's host :
 Then Greece might struggle, not in vain,
 And breathe in liberty again.

THE SEA GULL.*

“Ibis et redibis nunquam peribis in bello.”—*Oracle*.

I seek not the grove where the wood-robins whistle,
 Where the light sparrows sport, and the linnets pair
 I seek not the bower where the ring-doves nestle,
 For none but the maid and her lover are there.

* Com. PORTER'S vessel.

On the clefts of the wave-wash'd rock I sit,
 When the ocean is roaring and raving nigh;
 On the howling tempest I scream and flit,
 With the storm in my wing, and the gale in my eye.

And when the bold sailor climbs the mast,
 And sets his canvass gallantly,
 Laughing at all his perils past,
 And seeking more on the mighty sea;
 I'll flit to his vessel, and perch on the truck,
 Or sing in the hardy pilot's ear;
 That her deck shall be like my wave-wash'd rock,
 And the top like my nest when the storm is near.

Her cordage, the branches that I will grace;
 Her rigging, the grove where I will whistle;
 Her wind-swung hammock, my pairing place,
 Where I by the seaboy's side will nestle.

And when the fight, like the storm, comes on,
 'Mid the warrior's shout and the battle's noise,
 I'll cheer him by the deadly gun,
 'Till he loves the music of its voice.

And if death's dark mist shall his eye bedim,
 And they plunge him beneath the fathomless wave,

A wild note shall sing his requiem,
 And a white wing flap o'er his early grave.

THE NEWPORT TOWER.

When and for what purpose this was built, seems to be matter of dispute. The New-York *Statesman* associates it with great antiquity—the *Commercial Advertiser* gives it a military character; and the Rhode-Island *American*, with a view, perhaps, to save it from doggerel rhymes and sickish paragraphs, says it is nothing but an old windmill—if such was the plan, however, it has not succeeded.

There is a rude old monument,
 Half masonry, half ruin, bent
 With sagging weight, as if it meant
 To warn one of mischance;
 And an old Indian may be seen,
 Musing in sadness on the scene,
 And casting on it many a keen,
 And many a thoughtful glance.

When lightly sweeps the evening tide
 Old Narraganset's shore beside,
 And the canoes in safety ride
 Upon the lovely bay—

I've seen him gaze on that old tower,
 At evening's calm and pensive hour,
 And when the night began to lour,
 Scarce tear himself away.

Oft at its foot I've seen him sit,
 His willows trim, his walnut spit,
 And there his seine he lov'd to knit,
 And there its rope to haul ;
 'Tis there he loves to be alone,
 Gazing at every crumbling stone,
 And making many an anxious moan,
 When one is like to fall.

But once he turn'd with furious look,
 While high his clenched hand he shook,
 And from his brow his dark eye took
 A red'ning glow of madness ;
 Yet when I told him why I came,
 His wild and bloodshot eye grew tame,
 And bitter thoughts pass'd o'er its flame,
 That chang'd its rage to sadness.

“ You watch my step, and ask me why
 This ruin fills my straining eye ?
 Stranger, there is a prophecy
 Which you may lightly heed :

Stay its fulfilment, if you can ;
 I heard it of a gray-hair'd man,
 And thus the threat'ning story ran,—
 A boding tale indeed.

“ *He* said, that when this massy wall
 Down to its very base should fall,
 And not one stone among it all
 Be left upon another,
 Then should the Indian race and kind
 Disperse like the returnless wind,
 And no red man be left to find
 One he could call a brother.

“ Now yon old tower is falling fast,
 Kindred and friends away are pass'd ;
 Oh ! that my father's soul may cast
 Upon my grave its shade,
 When some good Christian man shall place
 O'er me, the last of all my race,
 The last old stone that falls, to grace
 The spot where I am laid.”

THE ROBBER.*

The moon hangs lightly on yon western hill ;
And now it gives a parting look, like one
Who sadly leaves the guilty. You and I
Must watch, when all is dark, and steal along
By these lone trees, and wait for plunder.—Hush !
I hear the coming of some luckless wheel,
Bearing we know not what—perhaps the wealth
Torn from the needy, to be hoarded up
By those who only *count* it ; and perhaps
The spendthrift's losses, or the gambler's gains,
The thriving merchant's rich remittances,
Or the small trifle some poor serving girl
Sends to her poorer parents. But come on—
Be cautious.—There—'tis done ; and now away,

* Two large bags containing newspapers, were stolen from the boot behind the Southern Mail Coach yesterday morning, about one o'clock, between New-Brunswick and Bridgetown. The straps securing the bags in the boot were cut, and nothing else injured or removed therefrom. The letter mails are always carried in the front boot of the coach, under the driver's feet, and therefore cannot be so easily approached.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

With breath drawn in, and noiseless step, to seek
 The darkness that befits so dark a deed.
 Now strike your light.—Ye powers that look upon us !
 What have we here ? Whigs, Sentinels, Gazettes,
 Heralds, and Posts, and Couriers—Mercuries,
 Recorders, Advertisers, and Intelligencers—
 Advocates and Auroras.—There, what's that !
 That's—a Price Current.

I do venerate

The man, who rolls the smooth and silky sheet
 Upon the well cut copper. I respect
 The worthier names of those who *sign* bank bills ;
 And, though no literary man, I love
 To read their short and pithy sentences.
 But I hate types and printers—and the gang
 Of editors and scribblers. Their remarks,
 Essays, songs, paragraphs and prophecies,
 I utterly detest. And *these*, particularly,
 Are just the meanest and most rascally,
 “ Stale and unprofitable ” publications,
 I ever read in my life.

THE GUERRILLA.

Though friends are false, and leaders fail,
And rulers quake with fear ;
Though tam'd the shepherd in the vale,
Though slain the mountaineer ;
Though Spanish beauty fill their arms,
And Spanish gold their purse—
Sternest than wealth's or war's alarms,
Is the wild Guerrilla's curse.

No trumpets range us to the fight :
No signal sound of drum
Tells to the foe, that in their might
The hostile squadrons come.

No sunbeam glitters on our spears,
No warlike tramp of steeds
Gives warning—for the first that hears
Shall be the first that bleeds.

The night breeze calls us from our bed,
At dewfall forms the line,
And darkness gives the signal dread
That makes our ranks combine :

Or should some straggling moonbeam lie
 On copse or lurking hedge,
 'Twould flash but from a Spaniard's eye,
 Or from a dagger's edge.

'Tis clear in the sweet vale below,
 And misty on the hill ;
 The skies shine mildly on the foe,
 But lour upon us still.
 This gathering storm shall quickly burst,
 And spread its terrors far,
 And at its front we'll be the first,
 And with it go to war.

Oh ! the mountain peak shall safe remain—
 'Tis the vale shall be despoil'd,
 And the tame hamlets of the plain
 With ruin shall run wild ;
 But Liberty shall breathe our air
 Upon the mountain head,
 And Freedom's breezes wander here,
 Here all their fragrance shed.

JACK FROST AND THE CATY-DID.

JACK FROST.

I heard—'twas on an Autumn night—
A little song from yonder tree ;
'Twas a Caty-did, in the branches hid,
And thus sung he :

“Fair Caty sat beside yon stream,
Beneath the chesnut tree ;
Each star sent forth its brightest gleam,
And the moon let fall her softest beam
On Caty and on me.

And thus she wish'd—‘O, could I sing
Like the little birds in May,
With a satin breast and a silken wing,
And a leafy home by this gentle spring,
I'd chirp as blithe as they.

The Frog in the water, the Cricket on land,
The Night-hawk in the sky,
With the Whipperwill should be my band,

While gayly by the streamlet's sand,
The lightning-bug should fly.'

Her wish is granted—Off she flings
The robes that her beauty hid ;
She wraps herself in her silken wings,
And near me now she sits and sings,
And tells what Caty did."

A beam from the waning moon was shot,
Where the little minstrel hid,
A cobweb from the cloud was let,
And down I boldly slid.

A hollow hailstone on my head,
For a glittering helm was clasp'd,
And a sharpen'd spear, like an icicle clear,
In my cold little fingers was grasp'd.

Silent, and resting on their arms,
I viewed my forces nigh,
Waiting the sign on earth to land,
Or *bivouac* in the sky.

From a birchen bough, which yellow turn'd
Beneath my withering lance ;
I pointed them to that glassy pool,
And silently they advanc'd.

The water crisp'd beneath their feet,
It never felt their weights ;
And nothing but the rising sun,
Show'd traces of their skates.

No horn I sounded, no shout I made,
But I lifted my vizor lid,
My felt-shod foot on the leaf I put,
And kill'd the Caty-did.

Her song went down the southern wind,
Her last breath up the stream ;
But a rustling branch is left behind,
To fan her wakeless dream.

ON THE
DEATH OF MR. WOODWARD,
AT EDINBURGH.

“ The spider’s most attenuated thread,
Is cord—is cable, to man’s tender tie
On earthly bliss ; it breaks at every breeze.”

Another ! ’tis a sad word to the heart,
That one by one has lost its hold on life,
From all it lov’d or valued, forc’d to part
In detail. Feeling dies not by the knife
That cuts at once and kills—its tortur’d strife
Is with distilled affliction, drop by drop
Oozing its bitterness. Our world is rife
With grief and sorrow ; all that we would prop,
Or would be propp’d with, falls—when shall the ruin
stop !

The sea has one, and Palestine has one,
And Scotland has the last. The snooded maid

Shall gaze in wonder on the stranger's stone,
 And wipe the dust off with her tartan plaid—
 And from the lonely tomb where thou art laid,
 Turn to some other monument—nor know
 Whose grave she passes, or whose name she read ;
 Whose lov'd and honoured relics lie below ;
 Whose is immortal joy, and whose is mortal wo.

 There is a world of bliss hereafter—else
 Why are the bad above, the good beneath
 The green grass of the grave ? The Mower fells
 Flowers and briers alike. But man shall breathe
 (When he his desolating blade shall sheathe
 And rest him from his work) in a pure sky,
 Above the smoke of burning worlds ;—and Death
 On scorched pinions with the dead shall lie,
 When time, with all his years and centuries, has pass-
 ed by.

TO THE DEAD.

How many now are dead to me
 That live to others yet !
 How many are alive to me
 Who crumble in their graves, nor see

That sickning, sinking look which we
Till dead can ne'er forget.

Beyond the blue seas, far away,
Most wretchedly alone,
One died in prison—far away,
Where stone on stone shut out the day,
And never hope, or comfort's ray
In his lone dungeon shone.

Dead to the world, alive to me ;
Though months and years have pass'd,
In a lone hour, his sigh to me
Comes like the hum of some wild bee,
And then his form and face I see
As when I saw him last.

And one with a bright lip, and cheek,
And eye, is dead to me.
How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek !
His lip was cold—it would not speak ;
His heart was dead, for it did not break ;
And his eye, for it did not see.

Then for the living be the tomb,
And for the dead the smile ;
Engrave oblivion on the tomb

Of pulseless life and deadly bloom—
 Dim is such glare : but bright the gloom
 Around the funeral pile.

THE DEEP.

There's beauty in the deep :
 The wave is bluer than the sky ;
 And though the lights shine bright on high,
 More softly do the sea-gems glow
 That sparkle in the depths below ;
 The rainbow's tints are only made
 When on the waters they are laid,
 And Sun and Moon most sweetly shine
 Upon the ocean's level brine.
 There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep :—
 It is not in the surf's rough roar,
 Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—
 They are but earthly sounds, that tell
 How little of the sea nymph's shell,
 That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
 Or winds its softness through the flood,

Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.

There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep :—

Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;
Above, let care and fear contend,
With sin and sorrow to the end :
Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.

There's quiet in the deep.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Who bleeds in the desert, faint, naked, and torn,
Left lonely to wait for the coming of morn ?
The last sigh from his breast, the last drop from his heart,
The last tear from his eyelid, seem ready to part.
He looks to the east with a death-swimming eye,
Once more the blest beams of the morning to spy ;
For pennyless, friendless, and houseless he's lying,

And he shudders to think, that in darkness he's dying.
 Yon meteor !—'tis ended as soon as begun—
 Yon gleam of the lightning ! it is not the sun ;
They brighten and pass—but the glory of day
 Is warm while it shines, and does good on its way.

How brightly the morning breaks out from the east !
 Who walks down the path to get tithes for his priest ?*
 It is not the Robber who plundered and fled ;
 'Tis a Levite. He turns from the wretched his head.
 Who walks in his robes from Jerusalem's halls ?
 Who comes to Samaria from Ilia's walls ?
 There is pride in his step—there is hate in his eye ;
 There is scorn on his lip, as he proudly walks by.
 'Tis thy Priest, thou proud city, now splendid and fair ;
 A few years shall pass thee,—and who shall be there ?

Mount Gerizim looks on the valleys that spread
 From the foot of high Ebal, to Esdrelon's head ;
 The torrent of Kison rolls black through the plain,
 And Tabor sends out its fresh floods to that main,
 Which, purpled with fishes, flows rich with the dies
 That flash from their fins, and shine out from their eyes.†

* Numbers, xviii.

† D'Anville, by the way, says the fish from which the famous purple die was obtained were shell-fish : but this is doubted.

How sweet are the streams : but how purer the fountain,
That gushes and swells from Samaria's mountain !

From Galilee's city the Cuthite comes out,
And by Jordan-wash'd Thirza, with purpose devout,
To pray at the altar of Gerizim's shrine,
And offer his incense of oil and of wine.
He follows his heart, that with eagerness longs
For Samaria's anthems, and Syria's songs.

He sees the poor Hebrew : he stops on the way.
—By the side of the wretched 'tis better to pray,
Than to visit the holiest temple that stands
In the thrice blessed places of Palestine's lands.
The oil that was meant for Mount Gerizim's ground,
Would better be pour'd on the sufferer's wound ;
For no incense more sweetly, more purely can rise
From the altars of earth to the throne of the skies,
No libation more rich can be offer'd below,
Than that which is tendered to anguish and wo.

SALMON RIVER.*

Hic viridis tenera prætexit arundine ripas
Mincius.—VIRGIL.

'Tis a sweet stream—and so, 'tis true, are all
That undisturb'd, save by the harmless brawl
Of mimic rapid or slight waterfall,

Pursue their way

By mossy bank, and darkly waving wood,
By rock, that since the deluge fix'd has stood,
Showing to sun and moon their crisping flood
By night and day.

But yet there's something in its humble rank,
Something in its pure wave and sloping bank,
Where the deer sported, and the young fawn drank
With unscar'd look ;

There's much in its wild history, that teems
With all that's superstitious—and that seems

* This river enters into the Connecticut at East Haddam.

To match our fancy and eke out our dreams,
In that small brook.

Havoc has been upon its peaceful plain,
And blood has dropp'd there, like the drops of rain ;
The corn grows o'er the still graves of the slain—
And many a quiver,
Fill'd from the reeds that grew on yonder hill,
Has spent itself in carnage. Now 'tis still,
And whistling ploughboys oft their runlets fill
From Salmon River.

Here, say old men, the Indian Magi made
Their spells by moonlight ; or beneath the shade
That shrouds sequester'd rock, or darkning glade,
Or tangled dell.

Here Philip came, and Miantonimo,
And asked about their fortunes long ago,
As Saul to Endor, that her witch might show
Old Samuel.

And here the black fox rov'd, and howl'd, and shook
His thick tail to the hunters, by the brook
Where they pursued their game, and him mistook
For earthly fox ;
Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear,
And his soft peltry, stript and dress'd, to wear,

Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair
Transfer him to a box.

Such are the tales they tell. 'Tis hard to rhyme
About a little and unnoticed stream,
That few have heard of—but it is a theme
I chance to love ;
And one day I may tune my rye-straw reed,
And whistle to the note of many a deed
Done on this river—which, if there be need,
I'll try to prove.

THE lines below are founded on a legend, that is as well authenticated as any superstition of the kind ; and as current in the place where it originated, as could be expected of one that possesses so little interest.

THE BLACK FOX

OF SALMON RIVER.

“How cold, how beautiful, how bright,
The cloudless heaven above us shines ;
But 'tis a howling winter's night—
'Twould freeze the very forest pines.

“The winds are up, while mortals sleep ;
 The stars look forth when eyes are shut ;
 The bolted snow lies drifted deep
 Around our poor and lonely hut.

“With silent step and listening ear,
 With bow and arrow, dog and gun,
 We'll mark his track, for his prow we hear,
 Now is our time—come on, come on.”

O'er many a fence, through many a wood,
 Following the dog's bewildered scent,
 In anxious haste and earnest mood,
 The Indian and the white man went.

The gun is cock'd, the bow is bent,
 The dog stands with uplifted paw,
 And ball and arrow swift are sent,
 Aim'd at the prowler's very jaw.

—The ball, to kill that fox, is run
 Not in a mould by mortals made !
 The arrow that that fox should shun,
 Was never shap'd from earthly reed !

The Indian Druids of the wood
 Know where the fatal arrows grow—

They spring not by the summer flood,
 They pierce not through the winter snow !

Why cowers the dog, whose snuffing nose
 Was never once deceiv'd till now ?
 And why, amid the chilling snows,
 Does either hunter wipe his brow ?

For once they see his fearful den,
 'Tis a dark cloud that slowly moves
 By night around the homes of men,
 By day—along the stream it loves.

Again the dog is on his track,
 The hunters chase o'er dale and hill,
 They may not, though they would, look back,
 They must go forward—forward still.

Onward they go, and never turn,
 Spending a night that meets no day ;
 For them shall never morning sun,
 Light them upon their endless way.

The hut is desolate, and there
 The famish'd dog alone returns ;
 On the cold steps he makes his lair,
 By the shut door he lays his bones.

Now the tir'd sportsman leans his gun
 Against the ruins of the site,
 And ponders on the hunting done
 By the lost wanderers of the night.

And there the little country girls
 Will stop to whisper, and listen, and look,
 And tell, while dressing their sunny curls,
 Of the Black Fox of Salmon Brook.

ISAIAH THIRTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

A rose shall bloom in the lonely place,
 A wild shall echo with sounds of joy,
 For heaven's own gladness its bounds shall grace,
 And forms angelic their songs employ.

And Lebanon's cedars shall rustle their boughs,
 And fan their leaves in the scented air ;
 And Carmel and Sharon shall pay their vows,
 And shout, for the glory of God is there.

O, say to the fearful, be strong of heart,
 He comes in vengeance, but not for thee ;

For thee he comes, his might to impart
 To the trembling hand and the feeble knee.

The blind shall see, the deaf shall hear,
 The dumb shall raise their notes for him,
 The lame shall leap like the unharm'd deer,
 And the thirsty shall drink of the holy stream.

And the parched ground shall become a pool,
 And the thirsty land a dew-wash'd mead,
 And where the wildest beasts held rule,
 The harmless of his fold shall feed.

There is a way, and a holy way,
 Where the unclean foot shall never tread,
 But from it the lowly shall not stray,
 To it the penitent shall be led.

No lion shall rouse him from his lair,
 Nor wild beast raven in foaming rage;
 But the redeemed of the earth shall there
 Pursue their peaceful pilgrimage.

The ransom'd of God shall return to him
 With the chorus of joy to an Angel's lay;
 With a tear of grief shall no eye be dim,
 For sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

What is there sadd'ning in the Autumn leaves?
Have they that "green and yellow melancholy"
That the sweet poet spake of?—Had he seen
Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms—
When the dread fever quits us—when the storms
Of the wild Equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colours hung
Upon the forest tops—he had not sigh'd.

The moon stays longest for the Hunter now :
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store :
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along
The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
"What is there sadd'ning in the Autumn leaves?"

THE THUNDER STORM.

Two persons, an old lady and a girl, were killed by lightning, in the Presbyterian Meeting-House in Montville, on Sunday the 1st of June, 1823, while the congregation were singing. The following is not an exaggerated account of the particulars.

The Sabbath morn came sweetly on,
The sunbeams mildly shone upon
 Each rock, and tree, and flower ;
And floating on the southern gale,
The clouds seem'd gloriously to sail
Along the heavens as if to hail
 That calm and holy hour.

By winding path and alley green,
The lightsome and the young were seen
 To join the gathering throng ;
While with slow step and solemn look,
The elders of the village took
Their way, and as with age they shook,
 Went reverently along.

They meet—the “sweet psalm-tune” they raise ;
They join their grateful hearts, and praise

The Maker they adore.
 They met in holy joy ; but they
 Grieve now, who saw *His* wrath that day,
 And *sadly* went they all away,
 And *better* than before.

There was one cloud, that overcast
 The valley and the hill, nor past
 Like other mists away :
 It mov'd not round the circling sweep
 Of the clear sky, but dark and deep,
 Came down upon them sheer and steep,
 Where they had met to pray.

One single flash ! it rent the spire,
 And pointed downward all its fire—
 What could its power withstay ?
 There was an aged head ; and there
 Was beauty in its youth, and fair
 Floated the young locks of her hair—
 It call'd them both away !

The Sabbath eve went sweetly down ;
 Its parting sunbeams mildly shone
 Upon each rock and flower ;
 And gently blew the southern gale,
 —But on it was a voice of wail,

And eyes were wet, and cheeks were pale,
In that sad evening hour.

TO A MISSIONARY,

WHO ATTENDED THE LATE MEETING OF THE BIBLE
SOCIETY AT NEW-YORK.

Why should thy heart grow faint, thy cheek be pale?
Why in thine eye should hang the frequent tear,
As if the promise of your God would fail,
And you and all be left to doubt and fear?
Doubt not, for holy men are gathered here;
Fear not, for holy thoughts surround the place,
And angel pinions hover round, to bear
To their bright homes the triumphs of his grace,
Whose word all sin and shame, all sorrow shall efface.
Pure as a cherub's wishes be thy thought,
For in thine ear are heavenly whisperings;
And strong thy purposes, as though they sought
To do the errand of the King of Kings,
And if thy heart be right, his mantle flings
Its glorious folds of charity around
Thine earthly feelings; and the tuneful strings

Of Harps in heaven shall vibrate to the sound
 Of thy soul's prayer from earth, if thou art contrite
 found.

Go then, and prosper. He has promised all—

All that instructed zeal can need or ask ;
 And thou art summon'd with too loud a call,
 To hesitate and tremble at thy task.

Let scoffers in their glimpse of sunshine bask,
 And note thy pilgrimage in *other* light :

Their's is a look that peeps but through a mask ;
 Thine is an open path, too plain, too bright
 For those who close by day, and see but in the night.

SONNET TO THE SEA SERPENT.

“ Hugest that swims the ocean stream.”

WELTER upon the waters, mighty one—
 And stretch thee in the ocean's trough of brine ;
 Turn thy wet scales up to the wind and sun,
 And toss the billow from thy flashing fin ;
 Heave thy deep breathings to the ocean's din,

And bound upon its ridges in thy pride :
 Or dive down to its lowest depths, and in
 The caverns where its unknown monsters hide,
 Measure thy length beneath the gulf-stream tide—
 Or rest thee on the naval of that sea
 Where, floating on the Maelstrom, abide
 The krakans sheltering under Norway's lee;
 But go not to Nahant, lest men should swear,
 You are a great deal bigger than you are.

“AES ALIENUM.”

HISPANIA! oh, Hispania! once my home—
 How hath thy fall degraded every son
 Who owns thee for a birth place. They who walk
 Thy marbled courts and holy sanctuaries,
 Or tread thy olive groves. and pluck the grapes
 That eluster there—or dance the saraband
 By moonlight, to some Moorish melody—
 Or whistle with the Muleteer, along
 Thy goat-climbed rocks and awful precipices;
 How do the nations scorn them and deride!
 And they who wander where a Spanish tongue
 Was never heard, and where a Spanish heart

Had never beat before, how poor, how shunn'd,
 Avoided, undervalued, and debased,
 Move they among the foreign multitudes!
 Once I was bright to the world's eye, and pass'd
 Among the nobles of my native land
 In Spain's armorial bearings, deck'd and stamp'd
 With Royalty's insignia, and I claimed
 And took the station of my high descent ;
 But the cold world has cut a cantle out
 From my escutcheon—and now here I am,
 A poor, depreciated pistareen.*

MR. MERRY'S

LAMENT FOR "LONG TOM,"

*Whose Drowning is mentioned in the sixth chapter of the
 second volume of THE PILOT, by the author of
 The Pioneers.*

"Let us think of them that sleep
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore."

THY cruise is over now

Thou art anchored by the shore,

* This coin passed at the time for but eighteen cents.

And never more shalt thou

Hear the storm around thee roar ;

Death hath shaken out the sands of thy glass.

Now around thee sports the whale,

And the porpoise snuffs the gale,

And the night-winds wake their wail,

As they pass.

The sea-grass round thy bier

Shall bend beneath the tide,

Nor tell the breakers near,

Where thy manly limbs abide ;

But the granite rock thy tomb stone shall be.

Though the edges of thy grave

Are the combings of the wave—

Yet unheeded they shall rave

Over thee,

At the piping of all hands,

When the judgment signal's spread—

When the islands, and the lands,

And the seas give up their dead,

And the south and the north shall come :

When the sinner is betray'd,

And the just man is afraid,

Then Heaven be thy aid,

Poor Tom,

ONE THAT'S ON THE SEA.

With gallant sail and streamer gay,
Sweeping along the splendid bay,
That throng'd by thousands, seems to greet
The bearer of a precious freight,
The Cadmus comes ; and every wave
Is glad the welcom'd prow to lave.

What are the ship and freight to me—
I look for one that's on the sea.

“Welcome FAYETTE,” the million cries ;
From heart to heart the ardour flies,
And drum, and bell, and cannon noise,
In concord with a nation's voice,
Is pealing through a grateful land,
And all go with him.—Here I stand,
Musing on one that's dear to me,
Yet sailing on the dangerous sea.

Be thy days happy here, FAYETTE—
Long may they be so—long—but yet
To me there's one that, dearest still,
Clings to my heart and chains my will,

His languid limbs and feverish head
Are laid upon a sea-sick bed.

Perhaps his thoughts are fixed on me,
While toss'd upon the mighty sea.

I am alone. Let thousands throng
The noisy, crowded streets along :
Sweet be the beam of Beauty's gaze—
Loud be the shout that Freemen raise—
Let patriots grasp thy noble hand,
And welcome thee to Freedom's land ;—
Alas ! I think of none but he
Who sails across the foaming sea.

So, when the moon is shedding light
Upon the stars, and all is bright
And beautiful ; when every eye
Looks upwards to the glorious sky ;
How have I turn'd my silent gaze
To catch one little taper's blaze :—

'Twas from a spot too dear to me,
The home of him that's on the sea.

WRITTEN IN A
COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

See to your book, young lady ; let it be
An index to your life—each page be pure,
By vanity unclouded, and by vice
Unspotted. Cheerful be each modest leaf,
Not rude ; and pious be each written page.
Without hypocrisy, be it devout ;
Without moroseness, be it serious ;
If sportive, innocent : and if a tear
Blot its white margin, let it drop for those
Whose wickedness needs pity more than hate.
Hate *no one*—hate their *vices*, not themselves.
Spare many leaves for charity—that flower
That better than the rose's first white bud
Becomes a woman's bosom. There we seek
And there we find it first. Such be your book,
And such, young lady, always may you be.

ON THE LOSS OF
A PIOUS FRIEND.

Imitated from the 57th chapter of Isaiah.

Who shall weep when the righteous die ?
Who shall mourn when the good depart ?
When the soul of the godly away shall fly,
Who shall lay the loss to heart ?

He has gone into peace—he has laid him down
To sleep till the dawn of a brighter day ;
And he shall wake on that holy morn,
When sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

But ye who worship in sin and shame
Your idol gods, what e're they be ;
Who scoff in your pride at your Maker's name,
By the pebbly stream and the shady tree—

Hope in your mountains, and hope in your streams,
Bow down in their worship and loudly pray ;
Trust in your strength and believe in your dreams,
But the wind shall carry them all away.

There's one who drank at a purer fountain,
 One who was washed in a purer flood :
 He shall inherit a holier mountain,
 He shall worship a holier Lord.

But the sinner shall utterly fail and die—
 Whelm'd in the wave of a troubled sea ;
 And God from his throne of light on high
 Shall say, there is no peace for thee.

THE TWO COMETS.

There were two visible at the time this was written ; and in the verses, they were, on other accounts, strictly *occasional*.

There once dwelt in Olympus some notable oddities
 For their wild singularities call'd Gods and Goddesses.—
 But one in particular beat 'em all hollow,
 Whose name, style and title was Phœbus Apollo.

Now Phœb. was a genius—his hand he could turn
 To any thing, every thing genius can learn :
 Bright, sensible, graceful, *cute*, spirited, *handy*,
 Well bred, well behav'd—a celestial Dandy !
 An eloquent god, though he didn't *say* much ;

that he drew a long bow, spoke Greek, Latin and Dutch ;

doctor, a poet, a soarer, a diver,
and of horses in harness an excellent driver.

He would tackle his steeds to the wheels of the sun,
and he drove up the east every morning, *but one* ;
when young Phaeton begg'd of his daddy at five,
to stay with Aurora a day, and *he'd* drive.

His good natur'd Phoebus gave Phaey the seat,
with his mittens, change, waybill, and stage-horn complete ;

At the breeze of the morning he shook his bright locks,
he blew the lamps of the night out, and mounted the box.
The *crack* of his whip, like the *breaking* of day,
warm'd the wax in the ears of the leaders, and they
with a snort, like the fog of the morning, clear'd out
for the west, as young Phaey meant to get there
about

two hours before sunset.

He look'd at his "*turnip*,"
and to make the delay of the old line concern up,
he gave 'em the reins; and from Aries to Cancer,
the style of his drive on the road seem'd to answer ;
but at Leo, the ears of the near wheel-horse prick'd,
and at Virgo the heels of the off leader kick'd

Over Libra the whiffle-tree broke in the middle,
And the traces snapp'd short, like the strings of
fiddle.

One wheel struck near Scorpio, who gave it a roll,
And sent it to buzz, like a top, round the pole;
While the other whizz'd back with its linchpin and
hub,

Or, more learnedly speaking, its nucleus or nub;
And, whether in earnest, or whether in fun,
He carried away a few locks of the sun.

The state of poor Phaeton's coach was a blue one,
And Jupiter order'd Apollo a new one;
But our driver felt rather too proud to say "Whoa,"
Letting horses, and harness, and every thing go
At their terrified pleasure abroad; and the muse
Says, they cut to this day just what capers they choose;
That the eyes of the chargers as meteors shine forth;
That their manes stream along in the lights of the
north;

That the wheels which are missing are comets, that run
As fast as they did when they carried the sun;
And still pushing forward, though never arriving,
Think the west is before them, and Phaeton driving.

THE GRAVE YARD.

'Tis morning on the sunny sod,
Where lingering footsteps late have trod ;
'Tis morning on the melting snow,
That shrouds the grave of these below ;
'Tis morning to each sprouting thing,
That greenly smiles because 'tis spring ;
'Tis morning on the marble stones,
That designate their owners' bones ;
'Tis morning to the young and fair,
That walk, and laugh, and loiter there.
Above let spring in brightness glow,
A brighter morning smiles below.

There is a beam that breaks upon
The lone forsaken buried one ;
And clearer than that dawning ray,
Which gives the first sweet light of day,
Sheds on the Christian's soul a light
To which the noon-day sun is night ;
And shews the path his Saviour trod,
When, rising, he returned to God.

A RAINY DAY.

It rains. What lady loves a rainy day ?
Not she who puts prunella on her foot,
Zephyrs around her neck and silken socks
Upon a graceful ancle—nor yet she
Who sports her tassel'd parasol along
The walks, beau-crowded on some sunny noon,
Or trips in muslin, in a winters night
On a cold sleigh ride—to a distant hall.
She loves a rainy day who sweeps the hearth,
And threads the buisy needle, or applies
The scissors to the torn or thread-bare sleeve ;
Who blesses God that she has friends and home ;
Who in the pelting of the storm, will think
Of some poor neighbour that she can befriend ;
Who trims the lamp at night and reads aloud
To a young brother, tales he loves to hear,
Or ventures cheerfully abroad, to watch
The bedside of some sick and suffering friend,
Administering that best of medicine.
Kindness and tender care and cheering hope,
—Such are not sad, e'en on a rainy day.

YON CLOUD—&c.

Yon cloud—'tis bright and beautiful—it floats
Alone in God's horizon—on its edge
The stars seem hung like pearls—it looks as pure
As 'twere an angel's shroud—the white cymar
Of Purity just peeping through its folds,
To give a pitying look on this sad world.

Go visit it and find that all is false,
Its glories are but fog—and its white form
Is plighted to some thundergust.—
The rain, the wind the lightning have their source
In such bright meetings. Gaze not on the clouds
However beautiful—Gaze at the sky
The clear, blue, tranquil fix'd and glorious sky.

THE SEA BIRD'S SONG.

On the deep is the mariner's danger,
On the deep is the mariner's death,
Who to fear of the tempest a stranger
Sees the last bubble burst of his breath?

'Tis the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair,
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
The only witness there.

Who watches their course, who so mildly
Careen to the kiss of the breeze?
Who lists to their shrieks, who so wildly
Are clasp'd in the arms of the seas?

'Tis the sea-bird, &c.

Who hovers on high o'er the lover,
And her who has clung to his neck?
Whose wing is the wing that can cover,

With its shaddow, the foundering wreck ?

'Tis the sea-bird, &c.

My eye in the light of the billow,

My wing on the wake of the wave ;

I shall take to my breast for a pillow,

The shrowd of the fair and the brave.

I'm a sea-bird, &c.

My foot on the iceberg has lighted,

When hoarse the wild winds veer about ;

My eye, when the bark is benighted,

Sees the lamp of the Light-House go out.

I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,

Lone looker on despair ;

The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,

The only witness there.

SONNET. TO———

—She was a lovely one—her shape was light
And delicately flexible—her eye

Might have been black, or blue,—but it was bright,
 Though beaming not on *every* passer-by,
 'Twas very modest and a little shy.
 The eyelash seemed to shade the very cheek,
That had the colour of a sunset sky,
 Not rosy—but a soft and heav'nly streak
 For which the arm might strike—the heart might
 break—

And a soft gentle voice, that kindly sweet
 Accosted one she chanced to overtake,
 While walking slowly on lambic feet,
 In tones that fell as soft as heav'n's own dew
 Who was it? dear young Lady, was it you?

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night to all—both friend and foe,—
 My sun once high, and warm is low;
 Its morning and its noontide past,
 Near setting, now, it beams its last,
 And soon will sink in Death's dark skies,
 Never on earth again to rise.

Ye social few who've shar'd my heart,
 In sooth 'tis hard with you to part—

Many and sweet the hours which we
 Have spent in heartfelt mirth and glee,—
 But now from you I wend my way,
 To dwell where Friendship sheds no ray.

Earth and thy pleasures all good night,—
 Ye'll never more enchant my sight ;
 I go where Life's gay scenes are not,
 Where all is silence—all forgot—
 Farewell to life, farewell to light,
 Friends foes and all, a long good night.

THE NOSEGAY.

I'll pull a bunch of buds and flowers,
 And tie a ribbon round them,
 If you'll but think, in your lonely hours,
 Of the sweet little girl that bound them.

I'll cull the earliest that put forth,
 And those that last the longest ;
 And the bud, that boasts the fairest birth,
 Shall cling to the stem that's strongest.

I've run about the garden walks,
 And search'd among the dew, sir ;—

These fragrant flowers, these tender stalks,
I've pluck'd them all for you, sir.

So here's your bunch of buds and flowers,
And here's your ribbon round them ;
And here, to cheer your sadden'd hours,
Is the sweet little girl that bound them.

There were but sixty-nine new entries on the docket of the Hartford County Court at its late session. One of the most important causes is reported below.

SCIRE FACIAS.*

THE BAR *versus* THE DOCKET.

This action was brought to get cash from the pocket
Of a debtor absconding and absent, call'd Docket—
For damage sustain'd by the Bar through the *laches*†
Of him by whose means the said Bar cut their dashes.

They copied the constable, thinking that he
Might have goods in his hands, and be made *Garnishee* ;‡

* Make him to know.

† Neglect.

‡ One who, being supposed to have in his hands the property of an absconded debtor, is cited to show whether he has or not.

Who, being thus summon'd to show cause, appear'd
 To state to the court why he should not be shear'd.*
 Whereas, said the Plaintiffs, you owe us our living
 By *assumpsit implied*, and the costs you must give in—
 You have cheated us out of our bread and butter,
Et alia enormia,† too numerous to utter.

Thus solemnly spoke the Bar's counsel, and sigh'd—
 The Garnishee plainly and frankly replied,
 That he had no effects, and could not get enough
 To pay his own debt which he thought rather tough.

Then came pleas and rejoinders, rebutters, demurrers,
 Such as Chitty would plough into Richard Roe's fur-
 rows ;—

Cross questions, and *very* cross answers, to suit—
 So the *gist* of the case was the point in dispute.‡

The judges look'd grave, as indeed well they might,
 For one party was wrong, and the other not right ;
 The sweeper himself thought it cruel to sue
 A man, just because he had nothing to do.

* Not a law *term*, but rather a termination in law.

† And other enormities.

‡ This is usually the fact before the County Court, and indeed before all other Courts.

The Docket *non ested*,* the Garnishee prov'd,
 That the chattels were gone and the assets remov'd—
 That they had not been heard of for full half a year,
 So he took to the Statute, and swore himself clear.

The case being simple in *English*, the Bench
 Resorted, of course, to their old Norman French ;
 But the Bar being frighten'd, thought best to defer it,
 And pray out the writ *latitat et discurrit*.†

Then a motion was made by the learned debators,
 That the sheriff should call out the whole *comitatus*—‡
 Read the act—tell the *posse, instanter* to hook it,
 And send the whole hue and cry after the Docket.

* Not to be found.

† Lurks and wanders.

‡ *Posse comitatus*—power of the County.

THE ALLIGATOR.

THE U. S. schooner Alligator was wrecked on her return from the West India station, after the murder, by the pirates, of her commander, Capt. ALLYN.

That steed has lost his rider ! I have seen
His snuffing nostril, and his pawing hoof ;
His eyeball lighting to the cannon's blaze,
His sharp ear pointed, and each ready nerve,
Obedient to a whisper. His white mane
Curling with eagerness, as if it bore,
To squadron'd foes, the sign of victory,
Where'er his bounding speed could carry it.
But now, with languid step, he creeps along,
Falters, and groans, and dies.

And I have seen
Yon foundering vessel, when with crowded sail,
With smoking bulwarks, and with blazing sides,
Sporting away the foam before her prow,
And heaving down her side to the brave chase,
She seemed to share the glories of the bold !

But now, with flagging canvass, lazily
 She moves; and stumbling on the rock, she sinks,
 As broken hearted as that faithful steed,
 That lost his rider, and laid down and died.

THE SWEET BRIER.

Our sweet autumnal western-scented wind
 Robs of its odours none so sweet a flower,
 In all the blooming waste it left behind,
 As that the sweet brier yields it; and the shower
 Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
 One half so lovely,—yet it grows along
 The poor girl's path way—by the poor man's
 door.
 Such are the simple folks it dwells among:
 And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouch'd stand
 Not in the vase that sculptors decorate—
 Its sweetness all is of my native land,
 And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate
 Among the perfumes which the rich and great
 Buy from the odours of the spicy east.

You love *your* flowers and plants, and will you
 hate
 The little four leav'd rose that I love best,
 That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to
 rest?

TO A LADY WHO HAD LOST A RELATION.

No more to grace the happy hearth,
 To grace the cheerful board, no more,
 To light with smiles the misty path
 That leads to the eternal shore,
 Arrived—embarked, and all is o'er.
 The sunny curl, the bright blue eye,
 The form, the soul are gone before,
 And we must follow on, and die.

And she, the aged one, bereaved,
 Sits lonely in a daughter's chair
 Submissive to God's will, yet griev'd,
 Raising to Heaven the silent prayer,
 Her faith and love and hopes are there,
 But where are yours? and where are mine?
 The prospect, is it bright or drear?
 The comfort, human or divine?

TO THE DAUGHTER OF A FRIEND.

I pray thee by thy mother's face,
And by her look and by her eye,
By every decent matron grace
That hovered round the resting place
Where thy young head did lie ;
And by the voice that sooth'd thine ear,
The hymn, the smile, the sigh, the tear,
That match'd thy changeful mood ;
By every prayer thy mother taught—
By every blessing that she sought,
I pray thee to be good.

Is not the nestling, when it wakes
Its eye upon the wood around,
And on its new fledged pinions takes
Its taste of leaves and boughs and brakes,—
Of motion, sight and sound,
Is it not like the parent? Then
Be like thy mother, child, and when
Thy wing is bold and strong ;
As pure and steady be thy light—
As high and heavenly be thy flight—
As holy be thy song.

HOW TO CATCH A BLACK FISH.

Thompson, the poet of the year, has sung
And melodized the cautious sylvan art
To lure the trout from underneath the root
Of some old oak, or tempt him from his rock
Deep-shelving far beneath the grassy bank,
Where all is always shadow—to the stream
That sparkles in the sun beam. Thence the hook
Drags him in speckled beauty to the shore.

The bard of Scotland and of nature sung
For this, thy praise, sweet Thompson—yea, and he
Of loftier thought and bolder hand declared
To nymphs and swains where their own druid slept.
But who shall sing his praise who tells the world
The way to catch a black fish. Praise, 'tis said
Is not a plant of mortal soil—'tis naught—
And naughty is the wish to cull its weeds.

Begin then, muse, and help me to the bait,
That, when the sea retires, will shelter close
Beneath the sea weed side of rocks and stones,

And guage, sweet maid of Hellas—guage my hook
 So that, nor steady pull may draw it off,
 Nor cumbrous thread betray its fell design—
 Sit on the bow, fair sister to the eight
 Who on Parnassus miss thy absence strange,
 And let me scull to where the young flood lifts
 The rock weed, as the morning breeze wakes up
 The daisy that the lark has slept beside;
 So wakes the black fish, and with lazy fin
 Paddles his round white nose in curious search
 For meat untoil'd for, yet expected much,
 Beware. Thy guardian genius with her wings
 Of silkiness—her breath of sea shell air—
 Her voice the whispering of the smallest bubble
 That rises from the oozy depths around,
 All give thee warning, Touch not !—'Tis in vain,
 The subtle bait is sought for greedily
 And swallowed without tasting—next he lies
 Panting and bleeding by the fisher's side.
 And does he pause to moralize—No, no,
 He baits the hook to tempt another on,
 And feasts upon their folly.

THE GNOME AND THE Paddock.

WHAT THE GNOME SAID TO THE Paddock* IN A
BLASTED ROCK.

I am a Gnome, and this old Granite ledge
My home and habitation since the days
When the big floods brake up, and massy rain
Fell, deluge upon deluge, to the earth,—
When lightning, hot and hissing, crinkl'd by
Each scath'd and thunder-blasted twig that shew'd
Its leaf above the waters. Years had pass'd
And centuries too, when by this shelter'd side
The Indian built his fire and ate his samp
And laid him down—how quietly—beneath
The shadow of this rock. 'Twas great to him
And in a weary land. For yonder where
The school boy flies his kite, and little girls
Seek four leav'd clover—there the Buffaloe
Led his wild herd. There once and only once
The Mammoth stalk'd. Thou Paddock heard'st his
tread,

But I,—I *saw* him. By this very rock—

* A Paddock is a toad that lives in a rock.

This little ledge he pass'd. Three stately steps !
 And every rough and wooded promontory
 Trembled.

And for his voice—'twas musical
 And though too sonorous for human ear
 Yet to a Gnome 'twas wonderful—exquisite,
 For every vein of undiscover'd ore
 Rang in full harmony to that bold tone.
 From the wild surface to the lowest depth
 And through and round the pillar of the earth
 Were silver streaks and golden radiants
 That trembled through their courses, when a note
 Congenial waked their low, sweet, solemn sound.

But hush thee Paddock ! Goodby once for all—
 There comes old Burdick with an iron rod
 And near him, one who with a powder flask
 Will blow us both sky-high. Adieu sweet vestal,
 And when I meet you in a museum
 Do not forget me dearest !

SONG.

The rocks, the rocks, among the rocks
My only lover lies,
To me the plain, to me the main,
Nor fear nor pleasure gives.

I love not in the sunny day
To weed and till the ground,
While my wild lover far away,
Hunts with his lazy hound.

Nor would I be a sailor's wife,
Too far from me is he,
For I must toil and I must strive,
While he is on the sea.

Give me a lover to my cheek,
A husband to my arms,
Nor would I other dowry seek,
Than hills and rocky farms.

The meadow's calms, the ocean's shocks,
 Each ruins or deceives;
 The rocks, the rocks, among the rocks,
 My only lover lies.

STANZAS.

How well I remember the paths that I trode
 When a boy, with my bait and my light little rod,
 How eager I went, and how patient I stood,
 And felt not a bite through the whole afternoon.
 Wet, hungry and tired, how, at sundown, I came,
 The leaf was as green and the verdure the same,
 But returning I found it so cold and so tame,
 'Twas December to me, to the wood it was June.

I had dwelt where the lovely, the young and the gay
 Shed light on my path—but I went on my way,
 My errand was fruitless, and tedious my stay,
 And sadden'd I turn'd to the home of my youth;
 Where now is the music, the life and the glee—
 There are smiles, there are dimples,—they are not
 for me,

And my faint, sickening spirit too plainly can see,
 How warm was my fancy, how cold is the truth.

“IS IT FANCY, OR IS IT FACT.”

No more will I love for my mother is fled,
 My Brother is gone to the seas for his bread,
 And O, my poor Father by whom I am fed
 How cold is his hand when I take it.
 He has cares, he has sorrows, and wild is his smile
 When I strive all his harrowing thoughts to beguile,
 I gaze on his anguish and fancy the while
 That his heart wants but little to break it.

No more will I love—for my lover is gone,
 At noon-day the grasshopper sits by the stone,
 And at twilight the whippowil utters his moan
 When deep in the wood he is buried.
 'Twas there that he wished to be laid, for 'twas there
 That truth told its tale and that love breath'd its prayer,
 And the heart taught the tongue a sad promise to swear
 That he and his love should be married.

He's wedded to dust, and I'm wedded to woe,
 My Father's distracted and where shall I go—

Should I follow my mother—O misery—no,

I am not, I am not her daughter.

One hope I can cherish—one form I can seek,

On one breast I can sigh, to one heart I can speak,

And the tear I next shed shall fall full on his cheek—

The brother that ventur'd the water.

TO A FRIEND IN THE NAVY, NOW SICK AT HOME.

The wave, the wave, the Yankee wave

That dances white and blue,

That roars in might, or laughs outright,

Or smiles and whispers too,

It is the same, whence e'er it came

And wheresoe'er it go—

In piping gale or plaintive wail,

In triumph or in woe.

You've seen it on mid-ocean's surge

When war call'd up its wrath,

Yelling the fated foeman's dirge

And howling round his path,—

You've seen it on the playful shore,
 Its cheek upon the sand,
 When winds were still and storms were o'er,
 Kissing the quiet land.

By every promontory's sweep,
 By every little bay,
 By every shore and every steep
 Where the smooth eddies play—
 Where e'er the silver minim's fin
 Scoops out his tiny cave,
 To paddle or to ponder in,
 You've seen the Yankee wave.

How gaily did it once bear up
 Your little shingle boat,
 And, when a bigger boy, on it
 Your skiff you first did float,
 And since, upon the broadest deck
 That ever swam the seas,
 You've rais'd a penon, proudest yet
 That ever flapp'd the breeze.

Soon may you leave your fever'd bed
 As one who quits a wreck
 And show once more a *****'s head
 Upon a quarter deck—

Yes! leave your home, for ocean's foam,
And join your comrades brave,
For well I know, of all below,
You love the Yankee wave.

THE DROWNED BOY.

Sad was the lot, sad was the tale
Of him who lies unconscious here,
His locks are lifted by the gale,
No mourner comes his loss to wail,
No friend to wait upon his bier.

I've seen him in some lonely hour
Gazing upon the bright blue sky,
And though the blackning cloud might lour,
Careless he'd view the coming shower,
Nor heed the storm that mutter'd by.

Sad did he seem for one so young,
'Twas in a bitter mood he smil'd,
And as he paced the path along,
He had a strange and wayward song,
And gestur'd to his measure wild.

Whether 'twas want or cruelty

That caus'd his mind thus wild to rove,
Or whether to his boyish eye,
His fancy gave the mad'ning joy,
Of ceaseless, hopeless, idle love.

I know not, but he has never slept,
Upon a quiet peaceful bed ;
He to himself his vigils kept,
None but himself for him has wept,
None mourn him now that he is dead.

THE TREE TOAD.

I am a jolly tree toad, upon a chesnut tree ;
I chirp, because I know that the night was made for me ;
The young bat flies above me, the glow-worm shines
below,
And the owlet sits to hear me, and half forgets his wo.
I'm lighted by the fire-fly, in circles wheeling round ;
The caty-did is silent, and listens to the sound ;
The jack-o'-lantern leads the wayworn traveller astray,
To hear the tree toad's melody until the break of day.

The harvest moon hangs over me, and smiles upon the
streams ;

The lights dance upward from the north, and cheer me
with their beams ;

The dew of heaven, it comes to me as sweet as beauty's
tear ;

The stars themselves shoot down to see what music we
have here.

The winds around me whisper to ev'ry flower that
blows,

To droop their heads, call in their sweets, and every
leaf to close ;

The whippowil sings to his mate the mellow melody :

"Oh ! hark, and hear the notes that flow from yonder
chesnut tree."

Ye caty-dids and whippowils, come listen to me now ;

I am a jolly tree toad upon a chesnut bough ;

I chirp because I know that the night was made for
me—

And I close my proposition with a Q. E. D.

CHARITY.

Sweet charity ! thou of the kindest voice,
Of lightest hand, of softest—meekest eye,
And gentlest footstep, making but the noise
Of a good angel's pinions floating by,
Go forth ! but not to dwellings where the sigh
Of poverty and wretchedness is heard,
Not to the hovel, nor the human sty,
Where conscience, oh ! how burningly is sear'd,
Where Heav'n is scarcely known, and Hell but little
fear'd.

Sweet spirit, Go not there. There thou hast been,
And seen, nor pity, nor relief bestow'd
By woman's eye, nor by the hand of men,
On them who bear such miserable load ;
What votary hast Thou, at their abode ?
What kind heart brings its tearful off'ring there,
And griev'd that 'tis no more, lifts up to God
Its humble, earnest, holy, secret prayer,
Breath'd mid the low and vile, in winter's midnight air ?

Go to the rich, the gay and the secure,
 Bold be thy step, and heavy be thy hand,
 Knock loud, and long, at Fashion's partial door
 And swell thy voice to terror's bold command ;
 And he, who builds upon extortion's sand,
 He, of the purple and the linen fine,
 Owner of widow's stock and orphan's land,
 Shall shuddering turn from his untasted wine,
 And feel, that to do well, his all he should resign.

Go to the lovely, not in sighing smiles,
 At which the thoughtless fool might smiling sigh,
 —Scatter her freaks, her follies and her wiles,
 With the stern beauty of religion's eye ;
 Teach her the tear of grief—of shame to dry,
 To drop on frailty, meek compassion's balm,
 To do aright—to feel aright—to try
 Her envious, hateful passions first to calm ;
 Then shed upon her soul, not on her face, thy charm.

Go to yon Pharisee—the heartless wretch,
 That prates of holiness, and hunts for sin,
 For faults of others ever on the stretch,
 All gaze without, and not one glance within ;
 And worse, much worse, not one kind wish to win
 A sinner back—but to detect, betray,

And punish. Go and tell him to begin
 Anew—and point him to salvation's way,
 The sermon on the mount to us poor sons of clay.

Touch not their gold, but touch—*Thou canst*—their
 heart,

For there be many who, with open purse
 Will greet thee in that market place, their mart
 Of cold hypocrisy, or something worse :
 Unkind and selfish—theirs may be the curse
 “*Thy money perish with thee.*” Learn thou them
 Sweet Charity ! their *kindness* to disburse—
 And Self's deep deadly current strong to stem ;
 A sigh shall win a pearl—a tear a diadem.

How blessed are thy féet. Thy footsteps stray
 From open paths, and seek a grassgrown track
 Through shades impervious to the gaze of day ;
 Onward flies light, a form that turns not back
 At sight of chasm, or torrent never slack ;
 Quiet and bold, and sure the errand speeds,
 Nor doth the kindly deed a blessing lack—
 To sorrow, joy—to anguish, peace succeeds,
 The eye no longer weeps, the heart no longer bleeds.

INTRODUCTION

TO

A LADY'S ALBUM.

The wanton boy that sports in May,
Among the wild flowers, blooming, gay,
With laughing eyes and glowing cheeks,
The brightest, freshest, fairest seeks,
And there, delightedly, he lingers,
To pluck them with his rosy fingers,
While, like the bee, he roves among
Their sweets, and hums his little song.

He weaves a garland rich and rare,
And decorates his yellow hair :
The rose, and pink, and violet,
And honeysuckle, there are set ;
The darkest cypress in the glade
Lends to the wreath its solemn shade,
And sadly smiles, when lighted up
With daisy, and with butter-cup.

Thus fair and bright each flow'r should be,
 Cull'd from the field of Poesy;
 But with the lightsome and the gay,
 Be mix'd the moralizing lay
 Of those, who, like the cypress bough,
 A thoughtful shade of sorrow throw
 On transient buds, or flowers light,
 That smile at morn, and fade at night.

TO A STRING

TIED ROUND A FINGER.

Et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

The bell that strikes the warning hour,
 Reminds me that I should not linger,
 And winds around my heart its power,
 Tight as the string around my finger.

A sweet good-night I give, and then
 Far from my thoughts I need must fling her,
 Who bless'd that lovely evening, when
 She tied the string around my finger.

Lovely and virtuous, kind and fair,

A sweet-toned belle, Oh ! who shall ring her !
Of her let bellmen all beware,
Who tie such strings around their finger.

What shall I do ?—I'll sit me down,
And, in my leisure hours, I'll sing her
Who gave me neither smile nor frown,
But tied a thread around my finger.

Now may the quiet star-lit hours
Their gentlest dews and perfumes bring her ;
And morning show its sweetest flowers
To her whose string is round my finger.

And never more may I forget
The spot where I so long did linger ;—
But watch another chance, and get
Another string around my finger.

PRESIDENTIAL COTILLION.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit IPSE canemus.

VIRG. *Bucolica*, Ecl. ix.

CASTLE GARDEN was splendid one night—though the
wet

Put off for some evenings the ball for FAYETTE.
The arrangements were rich, the occasion was pat,
And the whole was in style ;—but I sing not of that.

Ye Graces, attend to a poet's condition,
And bring your right heels to the second position ;
I sing of a dance such as never was seen
On fairy-tripped meadow, or muse-haunted green.

The length of the room, and the height of the hall,
The price of the tickets, the cost of the ball,
And the sums due for dresses, I'm glad to forget—
I'd rather pay off the whole national debt.

The fiddlers were Editors, rang'd on the spot,
 There were strings that were rosin'd, and strings that
 were not ;

Who furnished the instruments I do not know,
 But each of the band drew a *very long bow*.

They screw'd up their pegs, and they shoulder'd their
 fiddles ;

They finger'd the notes of their hey-diddle-diddles ;
 Spectators look'd on—they were many a million,
 To see the performers in this great cotillion.

One Adams first led Miss Diplomacy out,
 And Crawford Miss Money—an heiress no doubt ;
 And Jackson Miss Dangerous, a tragical actor,
 And Clay, Madam Tariff, of home manufacture.

There was room for a set just below, and each buck
 Had a belle by his side, like a drake with his duck ;
 But the first set attracted the whole room's attention,
 For they cut the capers most worthy of mention.

They bow'd and they curtised, round went all eight,
 Right foot was the word, and *chasse* was the gait ;
 Then they balanc'd to partners, and turn'd them about,
 And each one alternate was in and was out

Some kick'd and some flounder'd, some set and some
bounded,

Till the music was drown'd—the figure confounded ;
Some danc'd *dos à dos*, and some danc'd contraface,
And some promenaded—and all lost their place.

In the midst of this great pantomimic balette,
What guest should arrive but the great LA FAYETTE !
The dancers all bow'd, and the fiddlers chang'd tune,
Like Apollo's banjo to the man in the moon.

How sweet were the notes, and how bold was the
strain !

O, when shall we list to such concord again ?

The hall was sky-cover'd with Freedom's bright arch,
And it rung to the music of Liberty's march.

EXTRACTS

FROM VERSES WRITTEN FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1826.

How like the seasons was the year
Now rough and rude—now mild and clear,
Like March and June together :
Now sweeping on with fury's blast—
Now stilly breathing on the past,
And calming all its weather.

When streams were stiff and snow was deep—
When Statesmens' promises were cheap,
And honesty near frozen ;
When votes were counted, state by state,
Mid friends and foes—mid joy and hate,
A President was chosen.

Curst was the siroc, steaming hot,
When patriot against patriot
Was set in mad array ;
And doubly curst that poison'd trail,
That lingers, when the sweeping gale
Has moan'd and died away,

Our tree was fair in trunk and shoot,
 Its verdant boughs bore flower and fruit
 That ripened in the sun ;
 Why should the bramble shoot its thorn,
 When of the fruits these stems had borne
 The hand could pluck but one.

* * * * *

Fayette ! the skies were bright to thee,
 And our small State right proud may be
 That on thy stormy track,
 Her sons were guides ; for she may boast,
 That ALLEN brought thee to our coast,
 And MORRIS bore thee back.

How did the blessed rainbow shed
 Its gorgeous colors on your head
 When first you saw the shore :
 How did it arch above your sail,
 And span the bay, and tinge the gale,
 And dye the waters o'er.

The Cadmus saw its tinted line ;
 It smil'd upon the Brandywine ;
 And how it shone on high,

He who can paint a rainbow's hues,
 And dip his pencil in its dew,
 May better tell than I.

Warm be your hearth, and full your store,
 And open as your hand, your door ;—
 And gently on your heart
 Fall every blessing heaven can shed,
 Upon the virtuous patriot's head,
 'Till soul and body part.

* * * * *

I hear a sorrowing western breeze,
 Sigh from Champlain's dark ice-girt seas,
 Yet 'tis a wind-harp strain.—
 It mourns so sweetly, that its tone
 Has consolation in its moan,
 And soothing in its pain.

Brave Downie ! thou had'st often seen
 The bold in combat, and had'st been
 Where decks and waves were gore ;
 Thy gallant foe, thy noble friend,
 Has met in peace a christian's end—
 Macdonough is no more.

He sleeps in quiet, by the side
 Of wife and children dear :—nor pride
 Nor pomp his tomb adorning,
 The clods, the dust, his body cover,
 But round him shall the angels hover,
 “’Till the bright morning.”

* * * * *

On Groton Heights, the lazy cow
 Is grazing round the grass-grown brow
 That once, in days gone by,
 Was rough with pike and bayonet,
 Stain'd with the carnage red and wet,
 Of brave men met to die.

They died.—And must their memories die ?
 O ! the weeper's sob and the mourner's sigh
 Are quickly, quickly gone.
 To the devotion of that band,
 That cutlass drew and rampart manned,
 That fought their foeman hand to hand,
 That saved the honour of your land,
 And died where their intrenchments stand,
 Ye will not raise a stone.

But be it so. Whate'er the cause,
 They fought not thus for vain applause—

'Twas patriot duty prest them ;
 And in their rough and gory shroud,
 Without the purple of the proud,
 God in his mercy rest them.

Yet shall those graves, unknown so long
 To memory's tear and glory's song,
 Be ever blest.

Green, rank, and bright the turf shall grow
 Above the moulder'd bones below—
 "Rest, warriors, rest."

* * * * *

Now sullenly the damp winds blow,
 And muddily the waters flow,
 And fast the rain drops fall ;
 Such is the time to hope that soon
 A heaven bright sun, a cloudless moon,
 Shall shine upon us all.

The time is up, the morrow's dawn
 Breaks on a purer, holier morn
 Than Pagan new-year's day ;
 It comes not out in mirth and song,
 It calls the vain world's passing throng,
 To meet and praise, and pray.

How should this hour between the day
 When God to Israel's array
 Proclaim'd the holy rest—
 And that which saw a Saviour rise,
 With our redemption to the skies—
 How should such hour be blest.

JULY 4, 1826.

QUI TRANSTULIT SUSTINET.

The warrior may twine round his temples the leaves
 Of the Laurel that Victory throws him ;
 The Lover may smile as he joyously weaves
 The Myrtle that beauty bestows him.
 The Poet may gather his ivy, and gaze
 On its evergreen honours enchanted ;
 But what are their ivys, their myrtles and bays,
 To the vine that our forefathers planted.

Let France boast the lily—let Britain be vain
 Of her thistles, and shamrocks and roses ;
 Our shrubs and our blossoms sprout out from the main,
 And our bold shore their beauty discloses.

With a home and a country, a soul and a God,
 What freem n with terrors is haunted,
 Bedecked with the dew drops and washed with the
 flood
 Is the vine that our forefathers planted.

Then a health to the brave, and the worthy that bore
 The vine whose rich clusters o'ershade us ;
 They planted its root by the rocks of the shore,
 And call'd down His blessing who made us.
 —And a health to the Fair who will raise up a brave
 Generation of Yankees undaunted,
 To nourish, to cherish, to honour and save
 The vine that our forefathers planted.

SONNET.

To a Lady, on the death of Mrs. ———

Weep if you have a tear to spare
 For her who once like you was fair,
 Who led like you the dance and song,
 And tripp'd bright fashion's paths along—

Who in maturer years look'd round
 With circumspective eye—that found
 Beneath the circuit of the sun
 Nought it could safely rest upon.

That eye look'd upward, far away
 And gaz'd upon another day.
 Clos'd its pure lid on all below—
 Sin, folly, vanity and woe,
 On Death's black wing her willing flight
 Rose into uncreated light.

STANZAS.

On the lake of young life is a fairy boat,
 Like the sweet new moon in a summer sky;
 Through a calm of brightness it seems to float,
 And in light and beauty its course to ply.
 As sudden as a cricket's spring
 Its feathery paddles dip the seas,
 As gaily as the hum-birds wing
 Its sails arrest the scented breeze;

And pennons bright and streamers gay
Flutter above the diamond spray,
As the keel cuts its wimpling way.

A little boy—they call him Love—

With dimpled cheek and sunny brow,
And pinions like a nestling dove,
Sits laughing on the fairy prow.

And one as rosy bright as he,

Bearing his torch of purest light,
With more of joy and less of glee,

Trims the gay bark, and shapes aright
The course, as they distance to weather and lee
The scud of the sky and the foam of the sea.

Two forms are their lading, two hearts are their care

And precious the charge that they joy to convey ;

The young and the happy, the brave and the fair,

Have sped on their journey, how blithely away!

But as the moon, which shone but now

A silver streak of heavenly light,

With added glory on her brow

Now nobly walks the queen of night—

And firmly moves, though clouds arise,

By storm and tempest fiercely driven,

Shrouding the blue and starry skies,
 And darkening all the lights of heaven ;—

Thus sped the boat ; each wale became
 Of strong and more enduring frame,
 And sternly to the sweeping blast
 Stood out the tall and gallant mast.

That boy has strength and courage high,
 And manhood lights with thought his eye ;
 And he, the pilot, sits demure
 In dignity, serene, secure,
 Yes, all have left their brightness now,
 A brighter hope is on each brow ;
 No fancied chart, of fairy bays
 And elfin isles, directs their ways—
 A heavenly guide sits kindly there,
 Directing the course of the brave and the fair,
 In yon blessed place be their anchor cast,
 And holy the haven they find at last.

STANZAS. - *L. Bacon*

O well I love thee, native land,
I love thy fair and verdant hills,
I love thy vales which plenty fills,
I love thy mountains rude and steep,
And all the storms that o'er them sweep.
O well I love my native land,—
The land of freedom—yankee land.

O well I love thee, native land,
I love thy waters white with sails,
Thy soil whose harvest never fails,
Thy towns and villages and farms,
And cities far from foreign arms.
O well I love my native land—
The land of freedom—yankee land.

O well I love thee, native land,
I love thy halls where science dwells,
Thy shrines where holy music swells,
Thy schools—the birth right of the free,
The bulwark of their liberty.

O well I love my native land—
The land of freedom—yankee land.

O well I love thee, native land,
I love thy shrewd and hardy sons,
For they are brave and noble ones ;
And in their bosoms glow those fires,
That warm'd of old their pilgrim sires.

O well I love my native land—
The land of freedom—yankee land.

O well I love thee, native land,
I love thy daughters :—they are fair,
And gentle as their mothers were ;
And worthy are they too to be
The wives and mothers of the free.
O well I love my native land—
The land of freedom—yankee land.

O well I love thee, native land—
I love thy banner—it shall wave
Forever o'er the free and brave,
And aye our battle-song shall be,
And aye the song of victory.
O well we love our native land—
The land of freedom—yankee land.

“COME, COME TO ME.

When hopes, and joys, and friends shall fail,
When prospects shift in every gale,
When gusts of sorrow swell your sail,
And lave in tears your vessel's wale—

Then come, come to me.

When all that cruelty can throw
Upon you in this world below
Shall come; when each sad thought shall flow
To swell and stain the stream of woe—

O come, come to me.

I'll wrap my mantle round your form,
I'll shield you from the pelting storm,
By my poor hearth I'll keep you warm,
You, you, I'll save from fear and harm—

Then come, come to me.

O come to me, O come for life,
My joy, my hope, my friend, my wife,
Far from the grief, the pain, the strife,
With which this round wide world is rife,

Come, come to me.

ANSWER TO A FRIEND AT A DISTANCE.

I wish—'tis no concern of mine,
But yet I wish that you would try
The painter's brush, and trace the line
Of grace or beauty by the eye ;—
And teach the hand the tongue's strange art
To tell the stories of the heart.

For you have never heard a sound,—
Have never uttered with the tongue
The music of your looks, nor found
A voice their sweetness to prolong.
Shall such soul in such body dwell,
A pearl within a pearly shell ?

Try ! words are colours ;—Feeling lays
Their tints on memory's open page,
Now bright, now soft, now dim their rays,
They gleam in youth and fade in age.
Yet when their hues are gone, each stain
That daub'd their beauties will remain.

A purer pallet grace your hand,
 A purer pencil follow on,
 (Obedient to the eye's command,
 The objects that you think upon.
 For you, from half our frailties free,
 Might paint a page of purity.

I've seen what I would you could see,
 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the motion
 Of elements combin'd—yet free,
 Each for itself, to vex the ocean ;
 And thought that words would ill supply
 The cravings of the straining eye.

I've seen what you have seen, the sky
 As pure as innocence could make it,
 As blue and bright as beauty's eye,
 With not a tearful wink to shake it.
 Ask not for words in such an hour,
 Nor the ear's listening listening power.

Sense is not competent to tell
 The strivings of the clay-bound soul ;
 Thoughts high as heaven and deep as hell,
 Will awfully around it roll ;
 And words are sacrilege that dare
 Its fearful workings to declare.

TO MINE OLD PLAID CLOAK.

Mine old plaid Cloak with which I've past
Through many a storm, and northern blast,
I hang behind the door ;
Stern Winter's fled and Summer's near,
From cold I now have nought to fear,
From snow or tempest's pow'r.

Thou'st serv'd me long and serv'd me well,
Thy worth, old cloak, I cannot tell,
Words are too feeble far ;
With thee the road of life I've trod,—
Wrapt in thee I have been to nod,
Where dreams and night mares are.

Thou look'st a little worse for wear
With edges torn, and here and there
A dark unseemly spot ;
But these mischances fell on thee
In a good cause,—in serving me,
Those marks of age thou got.

For these, imagine not, strip'd friend,
I think less of thee,—pray offend

Me not with such a thought :

No !—like the moles on some fair's face,
(To lover's eyes,) they do but grace,
And seem with beauty fraught.

From men how diff'rent thou !—the while
The sun of fortune shines, they smile ;

But let a cloud appear,

They're off like shot :—thou art a *warm*
Kind hearted friend, in *every* storm,—
With thee I need not fear.

Farewell old friend,—but think thou not
Because hung there thou art forgot,—

No—e'en in *Leo's reign*,

I'll take thee down and clean thee well,
Then hang thee up to doze a spell,
'Till winter comes again.

HYMN

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE HARTFORD COUNTY
AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. 1826.

To Thee, O God, the Shepherd Kings

Their earliest homage paid,

And wafted upon angel wings

Their worship was convey'd.

And they who "watch'd their flocks by night"

Were first to learn thy grace—

Were first to seek by dawning light,

Their Saviour's dwelling place.

The hills and vales, the woods and streams,

The fruits and flowers are thine ;

Where'er the sun can send its beams

Or the mild moon can shine.

By Thee, the Spring puts forth its leaves,

By Thee, comes down the rain,

By Thee, the yellow harvest sheaves
Stand ripening on the plain.

When Winter comes in storm and wrath,
Thy soothing voice is heard ;
As round the Farmer's peaceful hearth
Is read Thy holy word.

Thus are we foster'd by Thy care,
Supported by Thy hand ;
Our heritage is rich and fair,
And this Thy chosen land.

*Be Joseph yet a fruitful vine,
Whose branches leap the wall,
Make Thou its clusters ever Thine,
Jehovah, God of all.

Genesis xlix. 22.

TO THE MOON.

A FRAGMENT.

—And Fairest say, has that fell monster sin,
With pain, and mis'ry, ever enter'd in
A place so lovely?—have ye eyes that weep,
And broken hearts that mourn o'er ruin deep?
Have ye such forms as ours, made like to God?
(With souls that wander through all space abroad :)
And do they sicken, and like us decay,
And mould'ring pass into their parent clay?
Ah no ! me-thinks a place that looks so fair,
Can have nought else but what is happy there ;—
Ah no ! it cannot, cannot be that sin,
Has planted there his footsteps—not akin
Are ye to our poor world.—

Oh I have thought, when my last hour has come,
And Death appears to take my spirit home ;
When I have bid farewell to this vain world,
And my frail bark has launch'd, with sail unfurl'd,

On the vast ocean of Eternity,—
 Oh I have thought, that might my bark but be
 Permitted to set sail for thy fair sphere,
 What rapture would be mine : and not a tear,
 Should dim my eye at parting ;—and when o'er
 The blue expanse I'd sail'd, and thy bright shore,
 Beaming with light, should greet my joyful eye,
 (All troubles past, and every care gone by,)
 Oh ! how I'd hail thee, mansion of the blest,
 For there my weary soul would stay and be at rest.

The girl I love, the girl I love,—
 There's nothing else worth living for ;
 Search realms below and realms above,
 All nature's boundless charms explore,
 You cannot bring, you cannot bring,
 As her I love, so sweet a thing.

There is a spot, there is a spot,
 Where oft we've met—and oh when there
 With her I love, no happier lot
 Can I desire—nor could I care
 Though nature all, though nature all,
 Should into instant ruin fall.

If only she, if only she,
 And that one little hallow'd spot,
 Could be but sav'd, where we might flee,
 And meet when all things else were not—
 There all life's hours, there all life's hours,
 Would strew around us love's own flowers.

THE WIDOWER.

O doth it walk—that spirit bright and pure,
 And may it disembodied, ever come
 Back to this earth? I do not, dare not hope,
 A reappearance of that kindest eye,
 Or of that smoothest cheek or sweetest voice,
 But can she see my tears, when I, alone,
 Weep by her grave? and may she leave the throng
 Where angels minister and saints adore,
 To visit this sad earth!

When, as the nights
 Of fireside winter gather chilly round,
 I kiss our little child and lay me down
 Upon a widow'd pillow, doth she leave,
 Those glorious, holy, heavenly essences,

Those sacred perfumes round the throne on high,
 To keep a watch on me ? and upon ours ?
 —Her I did love, and I was lov'd again,
 And had it been *my* mortal lot, instead,
 I would, were I accepted, ask my God,
 For one more look upon my wife and child.

DIRGE.

ON THE DEATH OF ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

Toll not the bell, and muffle not
 The drum, nor fire the funeral shot :
 Nor half way hoist our banner now—
 Nor weed the arm, nor cloud the brow—
 But high to heav'n be rais'd the eye,
 And holy be the rapturous sigh :
 And still be cannon, drum and bell,
 Nor let the flag of sorrow tell.

Now low are laid their honour'd forms,
 But from the clods, and dust, and worms,
 Their spirits wake, and breathing, rise
 Above the suns own glorious skies.

And happy be their airy track—
 We may not, would not, call them back ;—
 For patriot hands may clasp with theirs,
 And Angel harps may hymn their prayers.

STANZAS.

My hopes were as bright as the bow, when the storm
 Is rolling away before it,
 And Love painted on them so bright a form
 That not a cloud came o'er it.

The bow has gone and the night come on
 And all is damp and dreary,
 Love has departed and hope has flown
 To the silent grave of Mary.

My thoughts were as playful as billows that kiss
 The rocks and the sands of the shore,
 And fancy would whisper like them, of a bliss
 Such as mortal ne'er met with before.

But the billows are lost in a whelming wave
 Whose voice shall be never weary,

And Fancy has withered like weeds on the grave
Of my lov'd, my *ruin'd* Mary.

There was joy in her cheek, there was love in her eye,
And innocence play'd around her,
But her laugh of mirth was chang'd to a sigh
When the toils of deception bound her.

Now dead is he that beguil'd my love,
And she that I lov'd so dearly,
And I shall join, in the heaven above
My bright angelic Mary.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

O let my mourning have its way,
Your sympathy I cannot heed;
When half the heart is torn away,
The other part will surely bleed,

There is a sacredness in grief.—
True sorrow loves to be alone;
Your pity cannot give relief,
My anguish must be all my own,

I go to clasp his manly form :

How lovely still he looks in death !

It seems as if his lips were warm,

And mine did feel his balmy breath.

It seems as if his hand press'd mine,

In token of affection true,

To tell me that our hearts still join,

As when our youthful love was new.

See what a smile illumines his face !

His spirit sure is not yet fled,—

Else how could he such heavenly grace

O'er all his placid features shed.

Ah ! fond deceit, illusion dear !

A little longer wilt thou last ;

It soothes me thus to linger here,

And cherish mem'ry of the past.

Bring not too soon his winding sheet,

Nor bear him from my sight away ;

The luxury of grief is sweet,

Let me a little longer stay.

THE DOG-WATCH.*

Sweep on, the wave is curl'd with foam,
Sweep on, the tide is bearing home,
 Sweep on, the breeze is fair ;
The sun himself hastes to the West,
Where lies the home that I love best,
Wave, tide, and breeze, may rage or rest
 When I get there.

The twilight smiles upon the sea,
The stars shine out to pilot me ;
 And one, amidst the glare
Of all their host,—the *evening star*
Stoops sweetly o'er my home afar,
And says no storm my course shall mar,
 Till I get there.

The list'ning of an anxious ear,
The gaze that brightens through a tear,
 Out-feel the watchers round.

* On the homeward passage, in the merchant service, the mate keeps the watch from six to eight. This is called the Dog-Watch.

I only hear the breakers roar,
I only see my own dear shore,
 'Tis *I* that soon shall tread once more
 My native ground.

ON THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER,

EMPEROR OF THE RUSSIAS, AT TAGANROK, DEC. 1825.

Napoleon died upon Helena's rock,
 Round and beneath were pil'd and stor'd the waves,
 Mighty and fathomless. Atlantic's shock
 Recoil'd, and through its deepest coldest caves,
 Of pillar'd spar and coral architraves,
 Did ocean's homage to that strange man's death.
 Bad was he, but yet great. Of kings, of slaves,
 Of Popes, the equal dread. His latest breath
 Fell where the waters wash'd to shore his sea-green
 wreath.

But thou, by Asian Azoff's shallow pool,
 Where the Don pours its tributary mud,
 Where nought but cold Cimmerian blasts have rule,
 And Kalmuck's hungry Tartars fight for food;

Thou, whom we once thought wise, and great, and good—

Peace, such as thou did'st wish to all, abide

With thee—a despot's peace. So let the flood
Of mem'ry stagnate round thee, like the tide
That washes Taganrok from Azof's shallowest side.

Then let the Cossack trail his barb'rous lance,
And learn to do the obsequies of Czars ;
Teach his wild horse around thy grave to prance,
And know the sounds of amens from hurras.

He, paid in plunder for his wounds and scars,
Rejoices that another chance may come,
When southward, in the strife of Turkish wars,
That horse shall bear Tambourgi's muffled drum,
And trample, not as now, on many a lordly tomb.

* * * * *

Fair liberty ! Nor he of Helen's Isle,
Nor he of Azof's side, were born of thee,
Children of cruelty, long nurs'd by guile,
They claim no tear of tribute from the free.
Then let the despots rest. But where is he
Who, pure in life, majestic in his fall,
Lay down beneath his native cedar-tree ?
Potomack's wave, Mount Vernon's grassy pall,
That wraps his relics round, O ! these are worth them all.

TO AN ANTIQUE FEMALE BUST.

Ay, there thou art, as beautiful and fair
As when created. Time who does not spare
The most divine of human forms, has left
On thy pale brow no wrinkle,—nor bereft
Thee of a single charm ;—ages have swept
O'er thy fair head, but still thy cheek has kept
Its sheen and smoothness ; and thy eye, that seems
To gaze on something not of earth, still teems
With youthful light. Ah there thou art,—'midst all
The desolation of the world—the fall
Of that which once was beautiful or great,—
Thou hast remain'd unharm'd ;—the common fate
Of things was not for thee. Ay there thou art,—
But where, where are the thousands who on thee,
Have turn'd the admiring eye—and where is he
Who gave such beauty to mankind—who taught
Thee thus to smile—so like the blest,—who caught
High inspiration from above and cast
Each feature in a mould divine ?—soon past

Was his and their existence ; and their frames
 Long since have turn'd to dust.—Death has no claims
 On thee thou fair one ! thou'lt exist when we,
 Who now behold thy charms shall mould'ring be
 In earth ; and others will arise, and gaze,
 And bow before thee,—still will beauty's rays
 Beam from thee, bright, as though thou just had'st
 sprung,
 New into life—still beautiful, still young !

TO A LADY FOR A NOSEGAY.

———*Pleni manibus, ferte lillia, ferte.*

Who does not love a flower ?
 Its hues are taken from the light,
 Which summer's sun flings pure and bright,
 In scattered and prismatic hues
 That shine and smile in dropping dews ;
 Its fragrance from the sweetest air,
 Its form from all that's light and fair—

Who does not love a flower ?

A lesson to the giver.
 Not in the streets to bloom and shine,

Not in the rout of noise and wine,
 Not trampled by the rushing crowd,
 Not in pav'd streets and cities proud—
 From danger safe, from blighting free,
 Pure, simple, artless, let it be,
 An emblem of the giver.

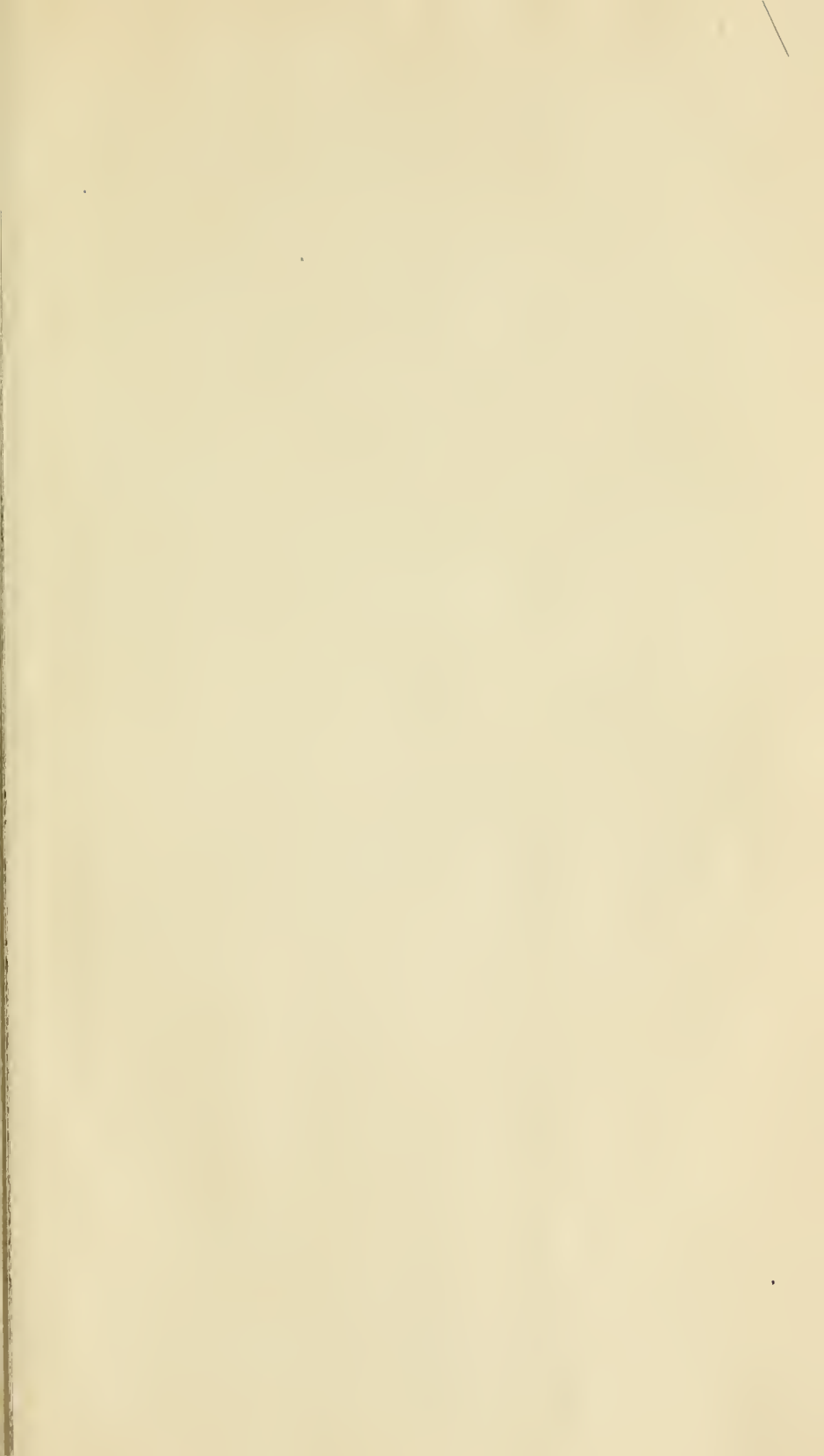
“STIFLED WITH SWEETS.”

Was I not serv'd in open 'day
 With buds and flowers !—and whence came they ?
 In the still night, as poets tell,
 Queen Mab rings out her little bell,
 And sends her sylphs on moonlight beams,
 To weave our happy youthful dreams,
 (Ere morning crimsons for the day
 That comes to chase them all away)
 To whisper in the slumberer's ear,
 Thoughts full of young and buoyant cheer ;
 To put such nectar to the lip
 As waking mortals never sip—
 To place a rose bud on each eye,
 To purify the sleeper's sigh,
 And best of all, beside his couch

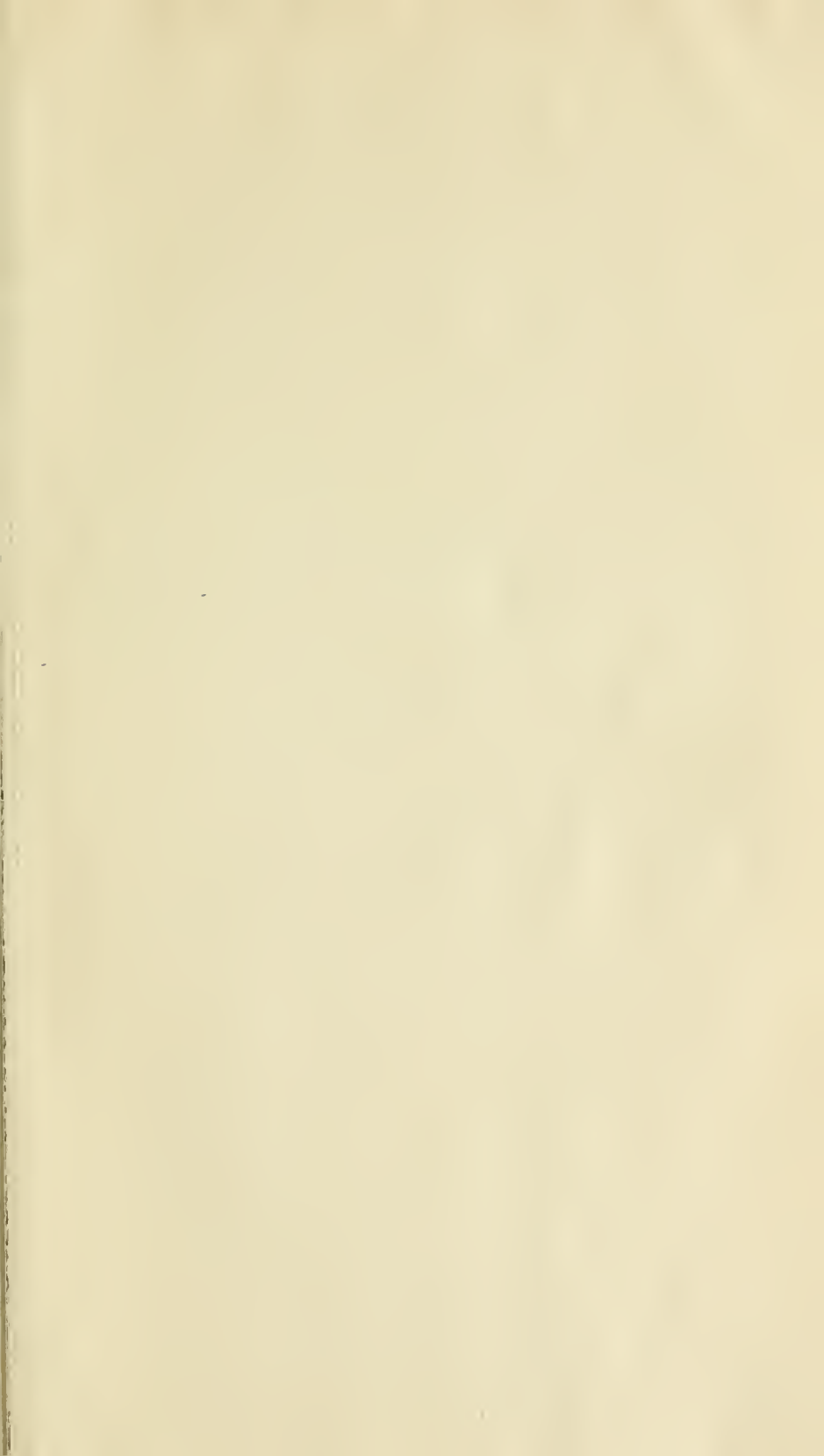
Leave on his cheek a Fairy's touch.
 But who in honest open day
 Sends buds and flowers—and whence come they.

O death ! O grave ! O endless world beyond !
 And Thou, the Holy One that shuttest up
 What no man openeth—That openeth
 That which nor man—nor death—nor the fill'd grave
 Can ever shut ! To Thee, how reverend,
 How humble, and how pure should be our prayer.
 Forgive us, for what are we ! What but worms
 That crawl and bask and shine—then writhe and die.
 But there is hope in Heaven. I hear a voice
 That says the dead are blessed, if they die
 In Him who died for them. That whoso lives
 Believing, shall not die eternally.

—So may we live and so apply our hearts
 To God's true wisdom in our number'd days,
 That though we be cut down even as the flowers,
 And though we flee like passing shadows by,
 Hereafter we may bloom again—and stand
 Where all that blooms shall bloom eternally,
 And shadows, like the bitter thoughts of life
 Can never flit across the holy path,
 Nor darken one forgiving smile of Heaven.



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